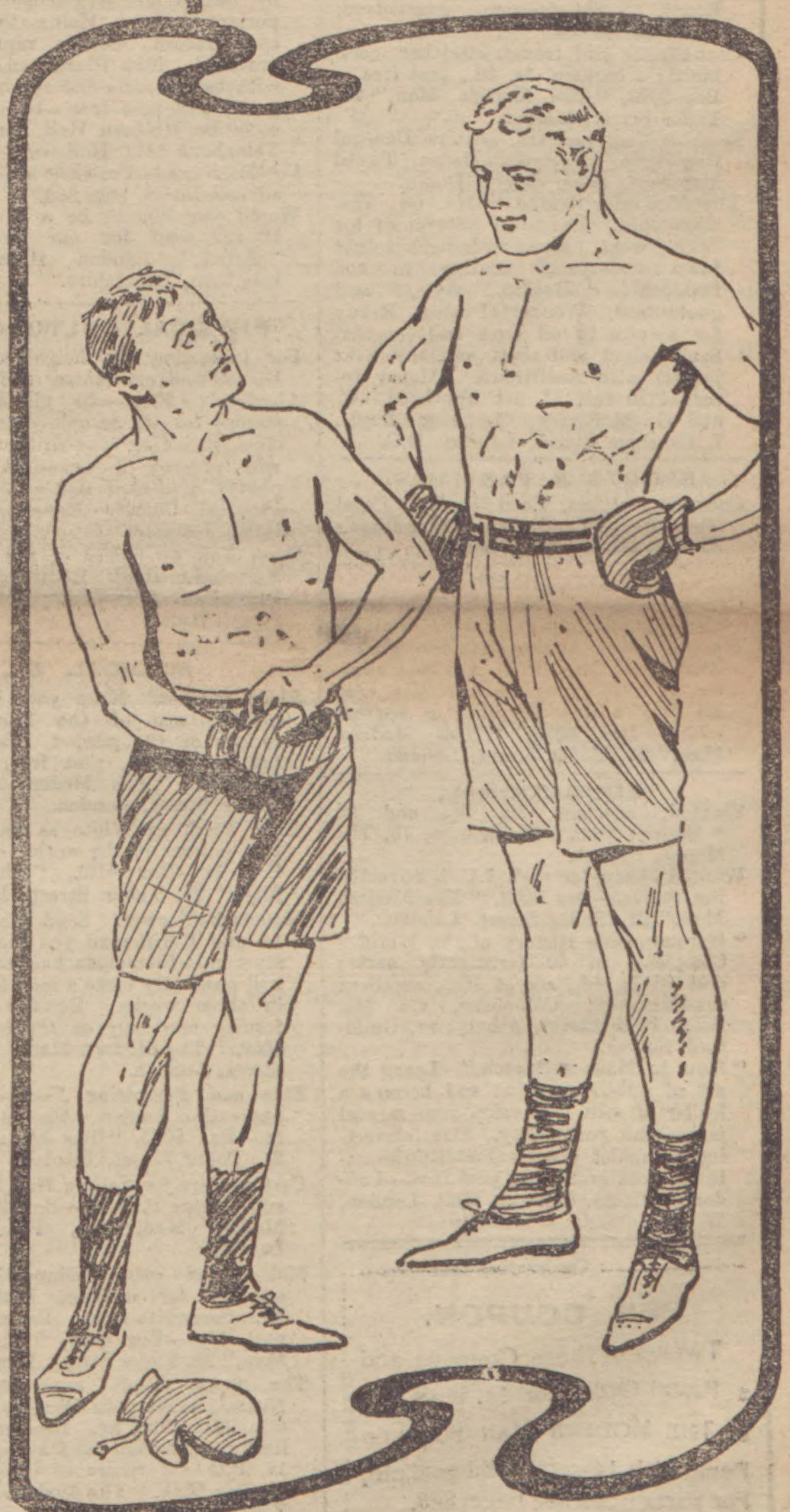
The Modern Man

A Weekly Journal of Masculine Interest.

No. 182. Week Ending April 27th, 1912. ONE PENNY.

"Sha'n't box any more with you! I don't stand a chance since you've had your height increased by Girvan."

"Don't say that, old sport. Let's fix our next bout with the gloves for this day three months. Girvan can make you as tall as he's made me in that time."



I can increase your height by from two to three inches within three months, provided you are under forty. My system involves no appliances, no drugs, and no special diet. All I require is that you will devote ten minutes every morning and evening to my special exercises.

Write to me for particulars.

ARTHUR GIRVAN,

Specialist in the Increase of Height

(Dept. M.M.),

17, STROUD GREEN ROAD,

LONDON, N.

Readers' Sale and Exchange

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, The Modern Man, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Why pay high prices for clothes? W. W. Hedgecoe (Private Tailor and West-End Cutting Specialist), of 147, Holborn, E.C., supplies the highest quality at most moderate prices. Call or write (two doors from Gray's Inn Road). Satisfaction guaranteed. From 30s. to 63s.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Sporting Coat Lengths, genuine Donegal Homespun. Patterns.—Jones, Tweed Merchant, Salop Street, Dudley.

The McKinley "Mac.," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Spring wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS & PASTIMES.

Conjuring, Jokes, Card Tricks. Catalogue free.—Vandy, next Wyndham's Theatre (Dept. MM), London.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Camera bargain. No. 6K Klito hand camera, absolutely unused, won as prize, takes twelve quarter plates, Anastigmat lens, F7.7, Automat shutter, rack focussing for portraits, cost £3 3s.; accept £2 10s., or nearest offer.—Box 5016, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

EDUCATIONAL.

Wanted, numbers 35, 38, and 96 "Modern Man."—J. Salmon, 16, The Mount, Belfast.

Wanted cheap for cash I.C.S. advertising course.—Box 6012, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

"Harmsworth's History of the World." Complete, in 40 fortnightly parts; cost £1 3s. 4d., accept 18s.; excellent condition.—A. Colbourne, c/o Mr. King, High Street, Albury, nr. Guildford, Surrey.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post free.—London Institute, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

Cut here

PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of The Modern Man Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 868.

Cut here

SITUATIONS VACANT & WANTED.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's advertisement, page 866.

Would you like to be a Press Artist? If so, send for our Prospectus.—"Artist," London House, Westhoughton, Lancashire.

PHYSICAL CULTURE, &c.

For increasing the height see Arthur Girvan's advertisement on front page.

Absolutely Free.—To all sending 6 stamps for my sample chart of exercises, including type-written matter, I will present 2 beautiful muscular photos, post-card size.—T. E. Black, Physical Culture Expert, Osmaston Road, Leicester.

Grow Tall by means of the wonderful Vertebra method. Results guaranteed. Particulars free.—Futty, 69, Chiltern Street, Hull.

MEDICAL, &c.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Moustache-Grower. Send me P.O. for 1s. and I will mail you the recipe of my wonderful moustache-grower, which will positively force a moustache within three weeks. Equally good for forcing new hair on the head.—Box 4669, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Sore and Perspiring Feet.—The best preventive known. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 5013, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Make your own Embrocation. Unequalled for stiffness, bruises, cuts, &c. Second to none. Recipe, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 6030, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

The finest Tonic ever known for Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders, Indigestion, Headache, &c. Recommended by leading physicians and athletes. Send 1s. P.O for recipe to Home Recipe, c/o Box 6031, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

MEDICAL, &c.

Dressine.—The ideal hair dressing. Contains no grease whatever. Large bottle for 6d. P.O. Shampoo powder free.—B. Lester, 145, North Street, Wolverhampton.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"The Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1½d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4596, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

The "W. T. Turner, Limited," Razors, made in Sheffield: No. 1, heavy, for strong beard, 1s. 1d., post free; No. 1A, ditto, better quality, white or black handles, 1s. 7d., post free; No. 2, lighter razor, extra hollow ground, 2s. 1d., post free. Superior quality Razor Strops, fine leather and canvas, leather grip, revolving hanger, nickel plated, by post, 1s.; better quality Razor Strops, with revolving hanger, 1s. 3d., 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., post 6s. 11d. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.—W. T. Turner, Ltd., City Arcades, Birmingham.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. today to Box 4597, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

Exceptional Money-Making Opportunity. —Send post-card immediately for full particulars of this novel scheme.—Ernest Green, 17, Church Lane, Hull.

5,000 to clear. 7s. 6d. safety razor with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 4604, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 3d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

2,000 to clear. Special Line, Shaving Mirror, Bowl, and Brush, usually sold at 3s. 11d., our clearance price 1s. 6d., complete, post free. Don't miss this grand opportunity. Money refunded in full if not satisfied.—W. T. Turner, Ltd., City Arcades, Birmingham.

Conjuring Catalogue Free. Please send early. — Vandy, next Wyndham's Theatre (Dept. MM), London.

Lovely Photo Postcards of Yourself. From any photo. Doz. 1s. 1d.—Williams, Clifton Villa, Mt. Pleasant, Swansea.

FREE, 7s. 6d. Safety Razor, with extra blades, absolutely free to all sending P.O. 1s. 6d. (3d. extra for postage and packing) for one of our marvellous 3s. 6d. Pocket-knives, English oxydised steel handles, best make; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4670, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London.

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EDITORIAL OFFICES:—Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Telephone, Gerrard 2979.
PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT:—19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Telephone, Central 5991.
ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT:—19, 21, and 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Telephone, Central 5991.
ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, 8/8; for six months, 4/4; for three months, 2/2. Subscriptions are to be forwarded to the Publishing Department at above address.
NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor is at all times ready to consider contributions, and to pay immediately on acceptance for those which prove suitable. All contributions must be legibly written or typed, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return in case of rejection. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval.

CHEEK.

"Marriage," says Mr. Cecil Chapman, "ought not to be a cage." But, still, something of the kind is required to keep love-birds in.

* * *

Actresses Who Fitly Receive Whirlwinds of Applause: No. I.—Miss Marie Tempest.

* * *

Lord and Lady Hyde left England recently to go into seclusion on a farm in Canada. I am, therefore, mildly interested to know, Why should Lord and Lady Hyde?

* * *

That "Daily Mail" headline, "Spring in the Garden," seems to suggest that the vegetation is jumping up.

* * *

A man who was recently charged with stealing books is called Tinkler. He ought to be pretty good at ringing the changes.

* * *

Among the attractions of the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia are "yellow babies and brown babies and black babies, the fairest of fair babies from Norway, and the swarthiest of swarthy infants from Southern Spain." A household that contained these would, in my opinion, be an Ideal Home—for somebody else.

* * *

An advertisement reads: "To let, furnished . . . a small detached gentleman's residence." How are we to know, however, that it would suit anybody who was not a small detached gentleman?

* * *

An evening paper prints a palpitating article on "How To Dress the Dinner Table." The first thing, of course, in every respectable home is to see that the table's legs are properly covered up.

* * *

A woman of ordinary build recently knocked down a policeman called Muddiman. Possibly the abnormal strength necessary to do this was derived from her disapproval of the officer's name.

* * *

"Free Cure for the Stout," read Percival, the Pot-rester, in an advertisement. "Well, that's no use to me," he mused, "for my especial curse is Mild-and-Burton!"

* * *

FINANCIAL NOTE.—"'Mercantile Marines' have slipped back, and should be worth buying. . . ." Dear old Mrs. Footler was very shocked. "Just like all sailors!" she lamented. "Dreadful backsliders, and easily tempted with money!"

* * *

The letter "t" is a little thing, but it makes all the difference between immoral books and immortal ones.

* * *

"Converts," says the "People," brightly, "are looked at askance at Spaxton unless they are well gilded with gold." If they were merely gilded with green paint, for instance, they would not be nearly so attractive.

J. S. Cox.

CARVER, PLEASE.

Mr. Seymour Hicks's performance of "Richard III." was so good that he can afford to tell this story against himself.

One night his combat with Richmond was at its height, and the house was hushed as the combatants cut and slashed at each other.

Then from the gallery came a calm, judicial voice saying, "I think I'll take a wing, please."

DECLINED WITH THANKS.

Mr. Walter W. Hedgcock, the Crystal Palace musical director and organist, has had some amusing experiences of holiday crowds.

On one occasion a coster asked him if he were playing with full power on. Mr. Hedgcock replied that he was not.

"Shove it all on, guv'nor. Let 'er rip," begged the coster, and Mr. Hedgcock "let 'er rip."

"Strike me pink," said the listener when he had finished, "that's a bit of orl right. 'Ave a pint along o' me, guv'nor."

Declined with thanks.

THE V.C. AND THE BLUE RIBBONITES.

The late General Sir Willam Olpherts, V.C.—popularly known as "Hell Fire Jack"—was once persuaded to take the chair at an Army Temperance meeting.

He spoke for quite ten minutes on the virtues of temperance, and the audience were vastly impressed. But the chaplains and other dignitaries on the platform nearly fell off it when the General concluded by remarking that he "wouldn't give a damn for any soldier who couldn't hold his liquor like a man."

"Hell Fire Jack" was not asked to address any more temperance meetings.

A TEST OF REAL KNOWLEDGE.

Apropos his early days in America, Mr. Morley Roberts once composed an examination paper, ability to pass which would, he said, argue a knowledge of things not usually revealed unto babes and sucklings. Here are some of the questions:

1. Describe from experience the sensations of hunger when prolonged over three days.
2. How long would it be in your own case before want of food destroyed your sense of private property. Give examples from your own experience.
3. How far can you walk without food—(*a*) when you are trying to reach a definite point; (*b*) when you are walking with an insane view of getting to some place unknown, where a good job awaits you?
4. You are in South-West Texas without money and without friends. How would you get to Chicago in a fortnight?
5. Sketch an American policeman. Is he equally polite to a railroad magnate and a tramp?
6. Which are the best as a whole diet—apples or watermelons?

FASHION IN GOLF PUTTERS.

There are signs that golfers are returning to the old-fashioned wooden putter with a long head.

The rival merits of metal and wooden putters are frequently discussed by enthusiastic golfers, and long will be, but perhaps there is not very much in it one way or another.

The ball runs closer to the ground from the metal than from the wooden putter. On some greens this may be an advantage, but on others it is not. On poor greens on which there are worm casts or other small obstacles, these will catch the ball from the metal putter, whereas the ball directed from the wooden club would probably jump over them.

On the other hand, the liveliness the wooden putter imparts to the ball makes it difficult to control on fast greens.

For the player who is uncertain with his short approach shots, the wooden putter is the more useful club of the two.

Instead of taking his mashie, he can give the ball a smart tap with the putter, and send it bouncing up to the hole. This may not be very elegant or scientific, but it is often effective, and certainly better than a duffed mashie shot.

Many putters nowadays are made with a triangular grip. This prevents the club from turning in the hands of players who putt gripping with the fingers only.

THE CYNOSURE

SHORT STORY.

By R. D. CROMBIE.

Charity covereth a multitude of sins.

A consequence of the coal strike was that not only were the trains reduced in number, but that a more than usually heterogeneous crowd collected to travel by them.

In the railway carriage were a mild-mannered, elderly clergyman; opposite to him his haughty wife; and side-by-side with the haughty wife an anæmic girl of perhaps two-and-twenty, obviously the clergyman's daughter.

By the clergyman was a thin-lipped, crabbed-looking man, reading a newspaper. He tightened his lips when other passengers entered and fidgeted in his seat.

Two youths occupied corner seats facing each other. And the other passengers were a beetle-browed workman and a pretty girl clerk, her eyes observant, her manner demure, with a Charles Garvice novel laid open on her knees.

Just as the train was about to start a fourth woman got in, redolent of scent. She was a thin, fair, and fluffy-haired woman, with a Roman nose and a weak chin. She wore blue—a navy-blue costume and an electric-blue hat, with ostrich plumes of the same colour adorning it. She carried a large, flat, cardboard box—probably containing a hat—a huge purse-bag with a gold-coloured cord, three other minor parcels, and a rolled umbrella with a mother-of-pearl handle.

She looked about her rather superciliously for a seat, and either by chance or design every person in the carriage was abstracted and unaware that there was no room for her, that it was necessary to "move up" in order to make room for her to sit down.

The elderly clergyman looked up at her from his "Church Times" with a start.

"I beg your pardon," he said; and he made himself small in his corner, then glanced over his spectacles at his neighbour, the tight-lipped man. "I think—er—there is room here," he continued nervously. "May I help you with your parcels? Allow me."

He stood up and deposited them on the rack one by one.

"Er—would you mind moving up just a little—just a very little. Thank you."

The tight-lipped man was annoyed it seemed. The clergyman looked about him with a timid little propitiatory smile.

"I think that is all right," he said. "Will you sit down?"

He waited till she had done so, then squeezed himself into his former position.

"Thank you," she said, with elaborate gentility.

She occupied a limited time in making herself comfortable. She stowed her ticket in her purse-bag. She opened her bag again to take out her handkerchief—a delicate flimsy thing—which she handled with appropriate delicacy. She sighed and straightened her shoulders; she pleated the front of her blouse with a caressing white-gloved hand.

Then she glanced about her with her prominent, rather parrot-like eyes.

She met a full stare from the haughty-faced wife of the clergyman, and looked away hurriedly. The anæmic girl opposite to her examined her with dislike, intermingled with curiosity. The beetle-browed workman dwelt on her with a kind of dull satisfaction, at the back of his expression a hint of sarcastic knowingness. And in the corner, immobile of face and tremendously suggestive of eye, sat a youth alternately watching her and gazing out of the window. The demure girl-clerk was self-consciously absorbed in her novel.

Quite noticeably the parrot-like eyes of the woman in blue hardened. She "stared out" the anæmic girl, then transferred her attack to the girl's mother. The haughty-faced lady sat solidly motionless, perusing the "Morning Post." She was immeasurably aggressive. She did look up.

A stillness of oppressive enmity prevailed.

Conscious that the atmosphere was not quite so ha as it might be, the clergyman glanced about him beatifi

"Er—would you like .-. ?" he murmured, feeli the back of him and producing an illustrated weekly.

"Oh, thank you," said the Cynosure elegantly.

She opened it with elaborate interest. A quick f gathered on the haughty lady's brow. Her husban not observe it; he was bending forward toward Cynosure's shoulder, looking at the paper with her.

"So delightfully they get up these papers nowad he observed. "Who is that girl? Ah, very charming in Don't you agree with me? And that one?"

They surrendered to a mutual pre-occupation. Fri little comments passed. The frown on the haughty l brow deepened.

The atmosphere of the carriage was now conspicu different. An element of ribaldry had crept into it. The in the one corner returned a wink from the youth i other. The beetle-browed workman slowly grinned. crabby-looking man at the other side of the Cynosure t his head and inspected the conversational pair with r detachment. The girl-clerk bent lower over her boo conceal a smile. Mother and daughter were a uni frigid aloofness.

The clergyman sat back after a while and returne the reading of the "Church Times." He had not lo at his wife—not once since the advent of the Cynosure.

Occasionally, even now, the Cynosure appealed to hi corroborate her appreciations. She glanced across from to time at the haughty-faced wife; and there was a sp of malicious triumph in her eyes. At an early stop place she rose to get out.

The clergyman handed her down her parcels.

"I hope you have them all," he said. "Can manage? Good-bye!"

"Good-bye," she said. "And thank you—oh, t you!"

She went away with a bright high glance— and a respect—to which she had been a stranger for many a day.

* * * * * *

On the way home from the station the haughty lady said to her husband:

"I am surprised at you talking to such a wo Henry! Don't you know the kind of woman she was?

"Yes," he said; "but, really, my dear, did I do any harm by showing her a little respect?"

IF YOUR BRIAR CRACKS.

Whereas a chewed mouthpiece can be "re-lipped," new stem inserted, there is nothing that can be done in way of repairs should a briar-pipe crack at the bowl. W this happens, it betrays a fault in the wood; but very such a pipe has become a treasure to its owner by re of its sweetness.

The only thing that can be done to prolong the life cracked bowl is to allow the inside to become caked then refrain from scraping it.

By the way, as prevention is better than cure, al avoid knocking out your pipe on anything hard, suc the grate. Tap it gently on the palm of your other h Knocking it on a hard surface increases the danger o cracking later on.

THEATRE ATTENDANTS' DODGES.

Why the man who seeks recreation at the theatre sh be looked upon as fair game by the various attendan hard to understand, but it is undeniable that the unifo gentry, especially at music-halls, have all manner of do to gain possession of their patrons' stray coin.

A favourite scheme is for an attendant to approach man, not seated, whom he may observe to use his hand chief. Has the gentleman got a cold? Yes? Well, he attendant) has got the *very* thing to cure it! Come way, sir. Whether the playgoer goes that way or not, often misguided enough to reward the other's specious pathy with some small monetary offering.

What is worse, at a certain West-End hall, the attend will sometimes take male patrons aside, and offer for mechanical toys which are, to say the least of it, in any but the best possible taste.

FARM PUPILS, BEWARE!

FEE-SNATCHING FARMERS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The farm pupil swindle is not, perhaps, so prevalent as it was—at least, not in this country. Railway facilities, for one thing, have made investigation easy, while, for another, the fraud has often been exposed. Still the bogus farmer continues to claim his victims, helped by the fact that the pupil is often a ne'er-do-well, or at least a lad who does not seem to have any particular vocation in life, and whose relatives are only too glad to get rid of him.

Thorough tuition in all branches of farming is promised, in return for as heavy a premium as the farmer thinks he can get, but when the pigeon reaches the farm, which is usually in some remote part of the country, he finds that it is a derelict concern.

The land is poor, such machinery as there is obsolete, while the farmer is often a boozer whose incompetence and intemperate habits have brought him down. There is nothing useful to be learned at such a place.

Sometimes the pupil, if he has the right stuff in him, rebels and kicks up a fuss, but frequently being a bit of a scamp himself he accepts the situation and settles down to a life of idleness and boozing at the village pub.

Even if he has the right stuff in him and demands restitution, he or his friends may have spent their last penny in paying the premium, and law actions are not to be brought for nothing.

PLAYING INSTEAD OF LEARNING.

Another type of swindler poses as a "gentleman farmer," and may be a man of good birth, but he is in no way a practical farmer.

On the strength of his aristocratic connections he gets plenty of pupils, who have an excellent time hunting, shooting, and fishing, but can scarcely tell the difference between a potato and a mangold-wurzel by the time their course of instruction is finished.

Then there are many bogus agricultural colleges which are traps from beginning to end.

The principal rarely knows anything about farming, though he is clever enough to conceal his ignorance. The staff is inefficient, the curriculum childish, but the pupils are allowed to do pretty much as they like, and rarely complain.

Frequently all that is learnt by the pupil whose parents are paying heavy fees is to dring and to gamble, and he leaves the "college" a confirmed waster.

MERE DRUDGERY.

There is the farmer who is genuine enough so far as competence and adequate equipment and holding are concerned, but who does not keep his contract to provide thorough instruction. He is too busy, and the pupil is kept at the merest drudgery, from which he learns nothing useful.

Nowadays, however, it is from abroad that the farm pupil swindle is worked most successfully.

Canada, Australia, California, and Florida are full of the gulls of these agricultural sharpers.

Everything is in favour of the swindler. The pupil is often leaving his country for his country's good, and his relatives are not too particular in their inquiries.

He lands with a little ready money which probably he "blews" before reaching his destination. When he gets there he finds that, to put it mildly, things have been very much over-estimated.

The farm, be it fruit, wheat, or what not, is notoriously no good in the neighbourhood—sometimes it doesn't even exist, outside the agent's imagination and fancy plans and drawings. The victim is a stranger in a strange land, friendless, penniless, and it is odds on his going under.

GOOD FARMERS DON'T WANT PUPILS.

Alternatively, he finds that so far from being treated as a privileged pupil he is not better off than the other hands, and that his prospects of getting on are practically nil. The plain fact is that a man who has got a farm worth having is rarely in need of pupils. He has no time to attend to them, even if he cares to be bothered with them at all.

Of course, there are occasional exceptions, but as a rule the farmer who advertises for a pupil has an unprofitable farm and wants the premium to live on.

In justice to pupil-taking farmers it must be admitted that the material they get to teach is often hopeless, but this is all the more reason why honest farmers are shy of taking ex-public school pupils, for farming is a thing that has to be in a man's blood.

HENRY BERSTON.

BRINGING BACK BRITISH BOXING

VITAL REFORMS THAT MUST BE MADE.

Nowadays it is the rule and not the exception to hear that some hitherto-regarded-as-invincible British boxer has been beaten by a Frenchman.

Defeats at the hands of the American product we have been inured to for several years; but Frenchmen!—this is a state of affairs that makes the public that takes interest in the noble art sit up and take notice.

Among the latest unpleasant sensations of this nature are, taken haphazard, Young Joseph beaten by Georges Carpentier, Joe Bowker outpointed by Charles Ledoux, Jim Sullivan defeated by Georges Carpentier, Digger Stanley beaten by Jean Poesy, and Arthur Evernden by the French boxer Bernard.

BRITISH STYLE BEST.

The question arises, which will not be shelved, What is to be done to bring British boxing back?

There is no denying that we do not hold the position in the world of pugilism which we did even as recently as ten years ago. It is not so much that the Frenchmen are invincible wonders, as that we ourselves are not nearly so good as we used to be. The leaders of our boxing world have got to put on their considering caps and set things right again.

First of all, British boxing must be British boxing. It is, paradoxical though it may seem, *not* British boxing at the present time. Some of the styles adopted even by the foremost men in the game are enough to make our great fighters of the good old school turn in their graves.

FLASHY IMPORTATIONS.

Too much is made, both by amateurs and professionals, of the hook, the swing, the jolt, the jab, and other flashy importations from across the herring-pond. Where is the old English straight left? As a fine old London boxer—a man who, if he were not now well past the sixties, might show our best modern youngsters several things they did not know—said to me the other day, "That" (holding out his left) "is the feller to hit with, and that" (folding the right across his diaphragm) "is the feller to guard with." Elementary, no doubt; but it is in the almost entire disregard of this vital elemental principle that our present boxing blight takes its inception.

For years past the majority of British boxers have been content to be copyists. Instead of adhering to the rules that made British boxing pre-eminent, they have slavishly imitated the methods and styles of much Press-boomed importations from America—men, by the way, whose fairness of fighting will not stand too close a questioning.

SEDULOUS IMITATION.

Mr. "Peggy" Bettinson, the well-known manager of the National Sporting Club, tells a true story, which points a moral, though perhaps in a slightly far-fetched manner, in this connection.

The doughty deeds of Frank Craig, the darkie "Coffee Cooler," were favoured with columns of admiration by the papers, and each of his little mannerisms in the ring were minutely described. Not the least of these was that the black boxer continually chewed gum. Before many weeks had passed since this remarkable fact gained publicity, scores of English boxers started chewing gum, too.

In the same way, we learned that Tommy Burns "sank his chin." Since then, nine out of ten of our best boxers adopted this style, which may suit Burns individually, but is not suited to the methods of everybody.

The sooner we slough all this imitation of doubtful foreign styles and get back to the classic principles of the straight left, smart use of the right, smashing cross-counters, nippy getting-in-and-away, in a word, clever footwork; the sooner, morever, we abandon the sickening clinching and wrestling which has done so much to ruin boxing over here, the quicker we shall re-assert our superiority over pugilists from abroad.

It is pleasant to note that Jim Driscoll, the British feather-weight champion, has raised his voice, and is working otherwise as well to this end, and it now rests with other leaders of the boxing game to give their co-operation.

RICHARD NEWCOMBE.

THE WINNER.

AN EPISODE.

By G. SAINSBURY.

"A quarter of an hour's Banker to finish," said someone at a quarter to twelve, midnight.

Jack Cardrake did not win the cut for the bank then, but about one a.m. luck came to him, and he took it.

"We'll make the limit half past one," said Brown.

All the others had had the bank in turn, lost it, and won it again.

Jones and Brown looked tired. They had been hard at work all day in the City. George Robinson just lived in those Ravenscourt Park diggings on his own income.

So they went on playing, and from 1.30, with but two small breaks until the light filtered through the blinds, Jack Cardrake, always crying out jocularly, "Back your fancies, gentlemen, and there's no limit," continued to win.

Then Brown fell asleep, and Jones tired of his ill-luck.

George Robinson had been up to his bedroom for his "sack" several times, bringing down small gold that melted amazingly.

"Finished?" said young Cardrake, challengingly.

"Well, I've got half a quid left. You may as well have it, I suppose. I'll cut against you for the lot."

Half-crowns had been the lowest of currency to all except Brown, who had been "broke" for an hour or more and had fallen asleep, his head on the table.

Jack Cardrake held up a card to his.

"Pipped you!" he said.

Robinson laughed weakly.

"Well, give us a chance," he said.

"Cut you for another half-quid, you mean?"

"Yes; but I can't square till next month if I lose."

"Oh, that's all right."

They cut the cards.

"Half-bar you owe me," said Cardrake.

"Better make it double or quits for a final," said Robinson.

He owed five pounds before Cardrake pointed out that it was foolish to toss a "tenner" or nothing, as his income was only eight pounds a month.

George Robinson looked at him, glazed-eyed.

"You're a rotten bad sportsman, Cardrake," he said.

"Thank you. I think you'd better get to bed before I punch your head."

Jones rose from the armchair where he had been sitting for some little time, gazing at the chill glare of the dawn on the toes of his boots.

"Hang it, you've won the man's money, Cardrake. I don't think you ought to speak to him like that."

"Damn it, he might have won mine—and you know what he is when he wins."

"What am I when I win?" asked Robinson.

"Perilously near to being bally mean," said Cardrake. "I'm willing to stand a spread to-morrow night out of my little bit of good luck. Would you? Not likely."

Brown woke up.

"Don't you say anything against my old pal, Robinson," he said sleepily. "Robinson!"

"Well."

Brown was unable to do any more than hold up his head and half open his eyes.

"You'll have to lend me a bit for my 'bus fares to-morrow."

"Can't. I'm stony. Cardrake's won all my money and a fiver beside. Won't give me a chance to get it back either."

"Don't you worry, Brown," said Jones. "I had to keep a bit back. I can fix you up till you can sub off your cashier."

"Well, I'm going to bed," said Brown.

"And I," said Jones.

"*Moi aussi*," said Robinson.

They slouched out of the room, heads bent, and made no reply to Cardrake's "Good-night."

Cardrake stretched out his legs in the armchair and totted up his assets. Around were the burnt matches, the strewn cards, the empty glasses. It was not a large sum of money.

Cardrake fell to wondering whether it would adequately pay for such diversions as would make up for quite a fortnight's lack of friendship.

TIPPING THE MARKER.

A MATTER FOR BILLIARD PLAYERS.

"Should I tip the marker?" is a question that often assails the man who plays an occasional hundred up; and the doubt is engendered by the fact that the man with the rest is generally so prosperous-looking that he might possibly resent a tip. The question should be answered with a "Yes" and "No," according to two contitions.

Billiard markers are of two kinds—the man who is his own master, and the man who is only an employee. Some men—generally old pro's, who are a little past their time—will often hire a billiard-room, fully fitted with tables, cues, &c., frequently paying as much as £5 a week for it. And it is a very poor week in which such a man will not clear a profit of £4 or £5 over his outlay. He is, of course, "the marker," but obviously he is not a man to be tipped.

The employed marker is a different case. He generally starts at about the age of seventeen or so, in the employ of such a man as we have described. His salary at first will hardly ever be more than 5s. a week; and this will be precariously augmented with tips to perhaps 15s., but hardly more. He has excellent opportunities, however, for practising the game, and when at the age of about twenty he is "pretty good," he will advertise for an ordinary job as marker in some hotel, where he will get a salary of £1 or so weekly, which tips will increase to 30s. or 35s. Then at the age of twenty-five he is generally able to command a salary (approximately the maximum) of 25s. a week.

Another slender means of augmenting his income, which is a quite recognised one, is by drawing a commission on all accessories that are required from time to time. Again many a man will ask him to order a private cue for the customer's own use, and he will draw a small commission on this. Commissions, however, hardly ever amount to more than £5 or so a year. Thus we see that if the employed marker at any age were not tipped his earnings would be small indeed.

AN UMPIRING POINT.

Amateur cricket umpires should remember that there is an exception to the general rule that they should give a player appealed against the "benefit of the doubt," should there be any.

This is in the case of a no-ball. Here, should the umpire not be absolutely satisfied with the fairness of the delivery, he must "no-ball" the bowler.

ANKLE ACTION IN CYCLING.

TO INCREASE THE EASE AND POWER IN PEDALLING.

It is remarkable what a large number of cyclists of quite long standing neglect the importance of ankle-action.

Ankle action makes for the maximum of power exerted on the pedals, and also for increased ease of motion.

If you keep your ankles stiff, the power of each foot can only be exerted, to use the words of a cycling expert, "through a comparatively small arc of the circle described by the pedals."

When the pedal cranks are vertical, or parallel with the ground, a dead point is reached, at which, for one instant, you can put forth no power, and are being simply carried on by your own impetus.

Ankle action overcomes this dead point, and this is the way to acquire it properly.

Slacken your ankle, and incline your foot to your leg, in each case, so as to exert power before this "dead point" with the rising pedal, and after it with the descending one, and you will readily observe an enormous increase in your power of propulsion.

Rest the *ball* of your foot on the pedal, and just before the latter reaches the vertical drop your heel, and put pressure on the pedal by means of a sort of clawing action, which is jointly performed by the foot and ankle.

As the pedal rises, lift your foot slightly, not, however, allowing it to leave the pedal, and, then, as a fresh revolution begins, start the movement again as before.

Nothing looks so old-womanish as a stiff, up-and-down piston-rod-like action of legs unassisted by ankles, and besides being bad form, it makes for very slow progress. On the other hand, correct ankle-action does three things, increases your speed enormously, does away with the necessity for uncomfortable toe-clips, and in time gives you a splendidly symmetrical development of the muscles of the calf.

BOBBY CO-PARTNERS' COUNTRY ROUND.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Fridays were Bobby Co-partners' most enjoyable days, for on Friday he went out on his country round.

Early indeed he had to tumble out of bed, have a stable-yard wash in a pail of cold water, and drive out with his town round when the ladies were in the invisible state that curl-papers demand, and only a hand thrust out of a seven-eighths-closed door received his loaves of bread or handed him a grimy grocery order.

A lady in curl-papers is a lady at a disadvantage; the daughters of the houses in the Westfields district knew this full well, and Bobby's seeking to draw them with the sarcastic remark, "You do look pretty, this mornin', m'dear," brought him nothing but a toss of an artistically coiffeured head on the Saturday morning.

Sometimes, too, he was favoured with pert queries regarding the maidens of Bannock and Nelbourne where the outlying factories were. But as, up to the present, he was inclined to think Andrew rather more the precise embodiment of beauty than any girl from Bannock to Kenchester, their twitterings left him cold.

Bobby Co-partners was of the opinion that the opposite sex were very silly and inconsequent. Bobby Co-partners, it will be observed, was a very young man.

To a morning very much in particular, when Bobby Co-partners did not go back whistling happily to the yard on the morning of his country round, when not a jibe on feminine vanity had he handed out to the fair of the Westfields district, it is instructive to turn.

For a young man in love with the broad high road, and to whom the sweetest of music was the sound of his horse's hoofs on the well-kept, smoothly-levelled way, the wearing of a troubled look where there is a whole day of the open road in prospect, is something at which to wonder.

Having set out on his town round in neglige himself, laughing because he was, too, in comparative curl-papers, he was completing his morning toilet in rolled-up shirt sleeves and breeches when a "Cheero!" he knew caused him to desist from scrubbing his face with the rough towel.

He turned a dripping-haired, red-brick countenance to none other than his friend, Tommy Jickerson, Cleckitters' man.

"What are you doing round this way, Thomas?"

"Come for reinforcements," said Tommy Jickerson, who with Bobby Co-partners had of late turned the evening conversation to thoughts of joining the local Yeomanry.

"Head of the bacon counter has reconnoitred the position," Cleckitters explained. "He lives just near Nelbourne. He says that the coal strike's shut up the factories there and at Bannock. We might meet a bit o' trouble at Bannock, and young Mr. Cleckitters thinks they'd be less likely to attack two than one."

"Oh, I see," said Bobby Co-partners.

"Young Cleckitters says they can hit pretty hard all the same. If I don't let 'em have the stuff on tick—well, they'd mean no harm to me, but they'd take what I had with me. 'Fact, we shouldn't send out at all but we serve most of the gentry out there. Must go. You know the fuss they'd make."

"Dear me, yes," said Bobby Co-partners.

He was not particularly sorry that the Co-partners Stores did not aim at doing a high-class trade. This was either a leaning to democratic principles or due to the fact that the maids at the houses of the gentry imagined themselves above the Westfields district, and wondered why Bobby was not "all over" their trim print dresses.

"You had any instructions about Nelbourne and Bannock?" asked Tommy.

"Left to my discretion," said Bobby, a little proudly.

"That means if there's any blame to be got you'll get it," said Tommy. "Still you're a company. When the managing director's shirty the office boy kicks the cat."

"We've no cat and no office boy."

"Then I expect your manager growls at you and you kick. But I don't suppose you hurt anybody."

"Only you. I have the gloves on with you those days. I'm afraid you ain't any sort of boxer, Tommy."

"Hit one your own size! I'll take on any one man in this crowd!" called Bobby.

"Was always better at high jumping. And here—what's up with you? I'll box you to-night. I'll show you how Wye slipped it on Allen."

"Right. I'll get you to tie one hand behind me and then you'll have a chance."

"What, are you raw? Managing-director been on your corns, Bobby?"

"No. It's the responsibility I think. I'm not raw about anything really. Got your load aboard?"

"Yes. You?"

"Yes. Plenty of small cakes of soap?"

"No. Why?"

"Makes good ammunition, and you can't be accused of carrying arms."

Talking thus inconsequently, Bobby put Andrew into the shafts, jumped up to the driver's seat, and waved his arm in imitation of Kenchester's Sergeant-Major conducting a recruits' circle. "Trr-rr-ot!" he said.

They rattled out of the town in good style, Cleckitters modestly relinquishing the lead to Bobby at the first turning. Beyond the outskirts of Kenchester and on the broad highway, Tommy drew up abreast of his friend.

The early spring sun shone down on a perfect road. Bobby, sitting back, his spruce head in engaging pose, was thoroughly enjoying himself.

"You look happy," said Cleckitters above the not over obtrusive rumble of the wheels.

"Am happy," said Bobby.

"We shall pretty soon be at Nelbourne at this rate."

"Good thing, too."

"Might have trouble there."

"Not going out, we sha'n't."

"How d'you know."

"D'you think *we* haven't done our little bit o' reconnoitring?" he called out, his eyes twinkling. "They won't interfere with us at Nelbourne this part of the journey. They will at Bannock, though."

"How d'you know?"

"Well, I took my pipe out for a stroll with me this way last night."

"And there'll be no trouble," said Tommy a little disappointedly.

"No trouble," Bobby called. "At Bannock we shall get plenty from the usual sort who make trouble at strike times."

"The ringleaders?"

"No ringleaders of coal strikes here. We're just

affected. No, it's the young men who don't suffer over it at all who'll jump at the chance of a dust-up at Bannock. I'm ready for 'em, though."

"What have you got on your cart?"

"On my armoured train, you mean—oh, there's a sack of sawdust, and about a gallon of soft soap, besides some dried apricots that have gone a bit squidgy in our cellar. I'll serve you out some ammunition at the cross roads."

They dropped into a mysterious sort of Nelbourne that revealed only bunches of young men, chatting in groups, down by-lanes off the main street. Some called out to Bobby and inquired the price of bacon, as though that were the burning question of the moment.

"I'll tell you the price of fat heads when I come back," Bobby jeered them.

A lout with a gift for repartee took pains to inform him, hand to his mouth, that black eyes could be had for nothing in Nelbourne.

"Note that young man with the awful face, will you, Tommy," said Bobby.

"I shall settle with him first when we come back."

"Why, when we come back?"

Bobby flicked his whip merrily.

"In case they don't capture the convoys at Bannock, loyal Nelbourne will attempt to hold up all returning carts—until their pals come up. But you bet if they succeeded the Bannock experts wouldn't get as much as a pot of jam or a penn'orth of table salt."

The youth and beauty of Bannock received them with some acclamation—a small multitude of them barring the way.

"I shall drive right through ye!" called out Bobby, warningly, and with a war-cry of "Come on, Cleckitters!" he reminded Andrew that the enemy in front had to be charged.

Surprised at the suddenness of Bobby's manœuvre, the little mass broke up, and Bobby, followed by Cleckitters, dashed through triumphantly.

"Now," said Bobby, "quick about executing your orders is the word."

The gentry of outer Bannock were served with great rapidly that day, and Bobby's clientele were treated to an exhibition of how smartly he could jump down, run along their garden paths, and jump up again. Bannock, better off than Nelbourne, gave Bobby very little cause to exercise his discretion regarding a temporary credit trade.

He waited for Cleckitters in ambush down a by-lane, and they made the dash through the village together. The little seething group was now a solid phalanx.

So again, "Come on, Cleckitters!" rang out— and two pairs of local heroes dashed out and stopped them as they made the chariot charge.

Each had their non-driving hand within easy reach of their ammunition. Soft soap is not easy stuff to fling off the end of a stick; but Bobby was lucky enough to find a bull's-eye in the case of one of the men who had Andrew's head, and the other had some sawdust to pick out of his three days' growth of bristly beard.

The attacking party broke up round Bobby's wheels, and Bobby shouted out again, "Come on, Cleckitters!"

Tommy, relying mainly on the soap cakes as affording greater precision, beat off his assailants with the loss of two loaves of bread and a jar of pickled walnuts.

"Come—on—Cleckitters!" cried Bobby Co-partners, and, whipping up his horse, away came Tommy Jickerson, a hero marked by a pickled walnut (a delicacy despised of the looter) streaming its dark vinegar down his face.

Once clear of the village and on the leading road to Nelbourne, fain would Messrs. Cleckitters' representative have pulled up to recount with less breathlessness his deeds of derring-do.

"No, you keep pegging at it. You look the complete jamberee with that pickled walnut juice. Keep pegging at it, Tommy, because they'll be after us in a minute."

"They can't keep up to this pace on their great feet."

"P'r'aps not, but—I may tell you I didn't half reconnoitre this position—there are quite fifty bicycles in Bannock. How long d' you think it'll be before they come sailing out after us. Soft soap in the eyes leaves a lingering memory."

"Right. You take the inside berth, then, and set the pace."

Bobby, not unmindful of the five miles he had to traverse, set it steadily for the first two, and then rattled along the last three.

The mile before Nelbourne showed trouble for the convoy, for ten cyclists came up from behind, and Bobby had to slacken speed to have a commanding range with a gross of particularly hard soap samples.

Between them they made their fire so effective that the cyclists kept out of range. Samples of "Sweet as the Rose" and "Glycerine and Cucumber," "Oatmeal" and "Parma Violet" toilet soaps do not improve the complexion when thrown at it at thirty yards range.

"The one chance is to clear the town in front of 'em," said Bobby, "and we sha'n't do it. We'll be held up."

"Blazes! And I've got the ten calves-foot jellies our trade customer, Bendy of Bannock, wouldn't have," said Tommy.

The road turned sharply, and the young men discovered that in intelligent anticipation all Nelbourne had turned out to see the fun.

"Glorious!" said Bobby Co-partners, reaching for his reserve of imperfectly dried apricots. "But

"For you," Tommy called out, a little unhappily. "It looks like the swop for me if they collar these jellies."

"They wouldn't know what to do with 'em. They'd put the stuff on their hair and reckon it was brilliantine."

"That ain't the point," said Tommy. "It isn't what they'd do with the jellies. It's what Cleckitters 'ud do with me."

Bobby's smile faded into almost a frown.

Seizing the advantage of the lull in the fire, the cyclists made the dash, and three of their number received ample proof that the remarks of the Co-partners' manager to his storekeeper were not without cause. Those dried apricots, as dried apricots, were very indifferent.

It was the man with the burning curiosity about the cured pork market who was loudest in his jeers when Bobby and Tommy were very effectually held up. The attack surged up all around the two carts, and the youth of Nelbourne, although it rained apricots, were having a fine day. Now they were raiding the back of the carts, and now, driven back by sawdust, they were rolled away again. But it was evident it could not last.

Already Tommy Jickerson had got down to imploring people not to touch his jellies.

All of a sudden Bobby's voice rang out with the old essential jibe that has never failed to go home when the strong attacked the weak.

"Hit one your own size! I'll take on any one man in this crowd!" called Bobby.

Deliberately, he jumped down, and—imagine Victor Grayson in a crowd after a little convincing oratory on behalf of Syndicalism——the fight resolved itself into who could get nearest the challenger.

"And I've got some more to say, gentlemen," he shouted out. No one rises to popularity sooner than an extempore speaker who has something to say. Everyone was anxious to hear it.

He shifted as far away from Tommy's cart as possible. The crowd followed, and Tommy was standing up in his forsaken cart bewildered, but feeling that Bobby was never so dangerous as when he was inexplicable.

"What I've got to say to you, Cleckitters," he declaimed, "is this. *Remember your precious calves-foot jellies and scoot like the devil.*"

And Tommy, taking the hint, the man who had inquired about the bacon, drew the crowd's attention to the fact that they had been had.

"He's gone," said Bobby, "to get you particulars of the current market price of best streaky. In the meantime I'm here to present you with a black-eye for nothing."

Anxious, apparently, to get something for nothing in these days when the cost of living is so much higher, the lout came on, an ugly glint in both those eyes that were presently well on the way to being artistically closed.

Having disposed of him, Bobby said, "Any more boxing exhibitions required before I get on with business?"

The crowd—their fallen champion apparently was not a popular character at any time—laughed.

"On behalf of Messrs. Co-partners, Limited," said Bobby, "I shall be pleased to open a weekly credit account with any householder present. One by one, please, and I'll get your names and orders down, without any mistake."

Perhaps his eye did linger in the direction whence his late opponent had gone off to get a piece of raw beef from the butcher's.

"All that is required supplied on the shortest notice to suit the convenience of customers—and without any mistake," said Bobby Co-partners.

SWINDLES

A CRIMINAL'S REVELATIONS. By WORMWOOD PORTLAND

15.—A Novel Conjuring Act.

[*We desire it to be thoroughly understood that the names of all the people mentioned in these articles are fictitious. Where reference is made to men and women still alive, any indication as to their actual identity has been removed from the manuscript.*—EDITOR.]

I wasn't in the bar parlour, but standing at the bar, which commanded a view of the bar parlour and its occupants.

"What's the time, landlord?" asked a commercial-looking gent.

The inquiry interested me, for I was short of a watch myself just then. I only had a Waterbury, and had found life to be too short to keep it wound up.

"If you want to know the time, sir," replied the landlord, with a cross between a smile and a grin—"no, don't ask a policeman—ask Mr. Fanfar—that gentleman in the corner. Since he came to Market Drayton we've all got into the way of setting our tickers by his gold repeater. There isn't another such watch in the town—is there, Mr. Fanfar?"

CHIMING THE GOLDEN HOUR.

"If there is, I should like to see it," said the self-satisfied, consequential, conceited little shopkeeper in the corner—all that I have called him I saw him to be at a glance. I caught a glimpse of his watch as he fished it out of his waistcoat pocket and touched the spring—whereupon it chimed the hour of noon. The action was a piece of childish vanity—the vanity of possession—for the owner of the repeater had looked at the face of it already.

"Seven minutes and a quarter past twelve," he announced. "I must be off."

"So must I," said one and another, and in a few minutes the parlour was empty of its company.

From where I stood I had seen without being seen. I came a little more into prominence to have a chat with the landlord.

"Not many of those old gold repeaters made now," I remarked.

FANFAR'S SIDE.

"No, sir; and he's wonderful proud, is Mr. Fanfar, of having the only one in the place. In fact, it's considered by some that he gives himself airs about it that ain't becoming in a stranger to the town—leastways, quite a new-comer."

"Ah!—tradesman?"

"Yes; he's opened that new boot-shop between here and the Corbet Arms. But it don't seem to have caught on."

"I think I'll have another of the same, landlord. What's yours?"

"Well, thank you, sir—I'll have a drop of unsweetened."

He didn't want any leading on. He answered my apparently aimless questions about Fanfar with provincial loquacity. It seemed that the man had only started his boot-and-shoe business a few weeks before, and nobody knew much about him. To tell me the truth, he wasn't much liked by the other tradesmen who used the house. They resented his tone of superiority, his assumption of a knowingness they did not possess or with which he refused to credit them. He even went so far as to express contempt for their old-fashioned way of doing things. He wanted to put them all right by his own shrewdness, much as he put their watches right by his gold repeater.

PREPARING HIS SCHEME.

To cut it short, my quick summing-up of the bumptious, egotistical Mr. Richard Fanfar, at first sight of him, had been correct to a decimal, and I knew on what lines to play him up for that really valuable chronometer of his.

I meant to have it, and I'll tell you how I got it.

First (of course, after elaborating my whole plan) I went to the Assembly Rooms and reconnoitered the building back and front. Next, I posted myself up in, and tentatively prearranged, sundry matters of detail. Then I walked into the new boot-shop, affecting to feel interested in recognising its proprietor.

"I saw you in the Wheatsheaf yesterday. You left just after seven minutes and a quarter past twelve—you know how it is I can time you so exactly"—and my pleasant little laugh pleased him. "By-the-by, what is the time now, Mr. Fanfar?"

I was soon handling the repeater for myself. It was good goods. I should be honestly glad to carry it when the coming change of ownership had been dishonestly effected.

The moment he showed signs of getting fidgety to know what my business with him was I started in to plum him up. I hadn't been in the town a couple of days yet, I explained, but I'd seen and heard quite enough to convince me that the business proposition I was prepared to make was too smart and up-to-date for any of the other fellows. I didn't want to flatter him—flattery wouldn't wash with a man like him—but he was the only tradesman I'd struck in Market Drayton who seemed to have his eyes peeled. I guessed he'd been in the States, like myself. Anyway, he hadn't learnt all he knew in the Old Country. I didn't need to talk to a man as long as I'd talked to him before I could tell whether he'd seen the world or not.

FORCE OF FLATTERY.

"It's no use for you to try to come the simple countryman over me, Mr. Fanfar," I protested—as though I'd detected him in something of the kind. "That sort of thing may go down with your stick-in-the-mud neighbours in this hole of a place, but not with me. I don't say I'm as fly as you, but at least I know a cuter man than myself when I meet him."

The powder was working. He was smirking all over his silly face. "Now for it," I instructed myself.

I was a conjurer—a bit down on my luck—but I was going to give a show at the Assembly Rooms that would startle the natives and scoop in their sheckles. I piled on a lot of particulars that I needn't repeat. My only difficulty was, to put it bluntly—and it was no use to beat about the bush with a hustler who knew all the ropes—my only difficulty was a couple of quid, to pay the deposit at the hall, and for a bit of printing.

THE PROPOSITION.

At this point Fanfar showed unmistakable signs of ringing off, but I held the wire.

"Now I'm going to propose the finest bit of spoof," I told him, "that ever you found up to you, even in your experience. It's my own idea. I've worked it on the Yanks, but never over here. It's the best bluff that ever fooled the public. It's just the daisiest advertisement that ever filled a shop with customers and emptied it of stock. It'll run you on to the Town Council, if you want to get there. People in the street will point you out to strangers. And all for what you may call nothing, for I'll do the trick for you for one solitary, single Jimmy O'Goblin. You advance me the two, and I return you the one after the show."

Then I opened out. He rumbled quickly enough. The cunning of the thing struck him all of a heap, but he soon recovered. He invited me into the room behind the shop. When I left it he'd parted, and everything was settled. You'll understand directly the meaning of the concluding words that passed between us.

TAKING NO CHANCES.

"Mind," said he, "I'm not taking any chances with my repeater. You slip it up my sleeve, or palm it off on me, when we shake hands. The mere sight of your hanky-panky in pretending to smash it up would get on my nerves. You must do that fake with a dummy."

After booking the hall, and paying the printer, I still had a few shillings in hand wherewith to purchase a "keyless" (of some yellow-coloured metal) that would look sufficiently like the gold repeater—behind the footlights and at a distance. For the loan of the few other properties I needed I swopped free tickets.

The night arrived. The room was nearly full. The tickets had sold surprisingly well, and I'd collected the money.

Now as an amateur of conjuring I wasn't bad, though out of practice. My gift of the gab helping me through, the few simple tricks I started with were tolerated, but after muffing a couple of following ones in succession, I noted signs of danger, and precipitated the event of the evening.

With a lot of palaver I placed a mortar and pestle in the centre of the table behind which I stood, and into the mortar I broke a couple of eggs. Then I came forward.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I announced, "the astounding

feat I am about to perform has never been attempted by any other professor of legerdermain. The peculiar flavour of this special brand of omelette of mine is imparted to it by pounding up, with the other ingredients—a gold watch."

Having raised the expected laugh, I continued: "Preferably a gold repeater watch, because when a repeater has been properly smashed up, and mixed up, I can cause it to chime at the exact moment when the omelette is done to a turn. Can any gentleman, I wonder, oblige me with the loan of a gold repeater watch?"

Amidst more laughter, Fanfar's watch— he was seated in the second row of stalls—was handed up to me. With my back to the audience as I returned to the table, I popped it into my waistcoat. It didn't require any adroitness to keep the slight movement of my hand entirely from view. Facing round again, I displayed the worthless "dummy."

RECOGNITION.

With the usual patter I covered the thing with a very fine layer of sticky dough.

"In case the gentleman feels any uneasiness——"

Here I ran my eyes over the wrong row of stalls, as though trying to identify the owner.

"I really didn't notice for certain from whom the attendant received this watch—and in the case of such a costly article . . . was it you, sir?"

The man in the wrong row shook his head; several voices cried "no"; a boy shouted "Mr. Fanfar, sir," and a number of other juveniles pointed to Mr. Fanfar as they chorused, "That's him, sir"; Fanfar himself half rose from his seat.

"Fanfar!" I ejaculated, gazing at him intently. "Surely you cannot be . . ."

"Take my card, please, and have done with it. I don't like being singled out like this."

The trade card he flung on the stage just cleared the foot-lights. I picked it up, glanced at it, and turned my eyes again on him.

"Richard Fanfar?"

With this second ejaculation of his name, I let the light of sudden recognition dawn on me—not recognition of the name, but the man; I had already conveyed the impression that the former had aroused some old memory.

TELLING A TALE.

I threw myself on the indulgence of the house, with a broken-worded apology for interrupting the performance. When they heard, they would forgive. In the person of Mr. Richard Fanfar, now their fellow-townsman, I met again, after a lapse of ten years (I think I plunked it down at ten), a gentleman I had only seen on one previous occasion; but the recollection of that occasion would never fade from my mind. It was at a fearful fire in one of the most crowded areas in London.

In very brief but appropriately lurid language I described that fire, in which I should have perished with the other victims but for the gallantry of a perfect stranger, who dashed through the flames—and all the rest of it. When I recovered consciousness, the modest hero had quickly disappeared. All I could learn of him was that his name was Richard Fanfar!

I advanced to the edge of the platform.

"May I shake hands with the man who saved my life?"

EXIT.

Even those by whom the boot-and-shoe seller had made himself most disliked must have joined in the cheering as he rose and moved up to me, for everybody joined in it. As our hands met, the doughy watch slipped from my palm as per arrangement.

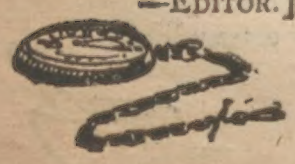
When the excitement had sufficiently subsided, I prepared to resume my omelette-making. Raising the pestle, I struck it smartly on the table three times—my signal to the waiting gas-man in the wings that the moment had arrived for turning off the lights for two minutes, for the purpose of a quick-change act on my part which was a surprise feature of my entertainment.

"Keep your seats, ladies and gentlemen," I said, in loud but reassuring tones, "the lights will be up again in a few moments."

But even as I spoke I was making off.

A long time afterwards I heard that they had posted sentries all round the station approaches, but I didn't leave Market Drayton by train. In walking to catch a late express on another line I was able to time myself in the dark by means of a gold repeater.

[*Another of these revelations will appear next week.*—Editor.]



MY NOTEBOOK.

WHY SOLDIERS DESERT.

"Chinstrap's" recent article on the amazing increase in the numbers of deserters from the Army has brought some interesting comments from soldiers.

"While agreeing with the main points of the article as printed," writes a Scotch sergeant-instructor, "I think 'Chinstrap' has lost sight of a very telling point in regard to deserters in that he did not 'go for' the dilatory methods employed to bring about their recapture and the very lenient punishment awarded after capture.

"It is now, I think, pretty general throughout the Army to allow the 'waster' to depart without leaving his address, and I have known a number of cases where, on the return of a man after a period of desertion, he has been detained a day or two in the Guard Room and then put outside the gate. It is now a well-advertised fact that if a man takes the trouble to desert, and does not immediately go back to his old home, no one is likely to worry about him.

"As I heard a general officer say some years ago, 'For the man who has not sufficient backbone to carry out his, at times, harassing duties without a desire to desert I have no further use, and would rather discharge him than that he should contaminate others with his everlasting whining.'"

MOLLY-CODDLED RECRUITS.

A corporal in one of the best-known regiments at present stationed at Aldershot roundly condemns the depot system.

"I quite agree," he writes, "with your statement that the recruit of to-day gets too much coddled in depôts, the consequence being, when he comes to his regiment he thinks he has no obligation to do anything.

"Now, in the depot a recruit has in the room along with him several soldiers with a good bit of service, who are compelled to act as a sort of dry nurse to him. In my days in the depot about sixteen years ago the bott was on the other leg; it was the recruit who did the work in a room, while the old soldier looked on. In those days a recruit had to fight for every meal he ate.

"The consequence was, he came to his regiment able to look after himself and to understand that an N.C.O.'s word was law in a barrack-room, and was also able to take hard knocks and give them. Consequently, in the regiment where they met all sorts, they were able to keep their end up.

"An N.C.O. in a depot nowadays is not allowed to enforce discipline. An N.C.O. in a depot who puts a recruit in the guard-room can say good-bye to his stripes or nearly so. When the recruit joins the battalion he comes under a different system, where no favouritism is shown, and the road to the guard-room is a quickly and easily travelled road.

"The first thing which gets a recruit into trouble in his battalion is 'dirty on parade.' They are not taught properly in a depot how to clean up equipment and kit, and their faults are allowed to turn out any way they like, and their faults are overlooked, which is a wrong principle; their faults ought to be pointed out to them and efforts made to correct them; if they won't do it by fair means, then a dose of defaulter's will nip his slackness in the bud. In the battalion he gets this quick enough, and then the trouble begins. From defaulter's it is an easy way to cells, or detention, as it is called now, and then comes desertion, and another man, who, by a little firmness in the beginning could have been turned into a good soldier, is lost to the Army.

"The whole fault is the depot system, and the molly-coddling which is carried on there, and the fact that discipline is not enforced there as it should be, and also the system which is carried on in the civilian board-schools; the present generation are being spoiled by a too sparing use of the cane. It is a case of sparing the rod and spoiling the child, and a possible recruit by not learning him to bow to authority."

Be the reason for the increase of desertion what it may, it is now assuming such alarming proportions that drastic action must be taken to stop it, either by altering the conditions of service, or by adopting a system that will produce a type of recruit better able to stand the hard knocks of the Service.

Your Editor.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

THE MAN SHE HID.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY OF A DRAMATIC EPISODE.

By Robert Overton.

"A clerk from the bank, sir, wants to see you."

"Show him in," said the grey-haired, hard-eyed merchant curtly. "Well?"—as the clerk from the bank entered the private office of the head of the firm of John Cardigan and Co., holding a cheque between his fingers.

"I've called from the City and Urban, sir. This cheque was paid in this morning to the credit of another customer of ours, and we're a little doubtful about it."

As John Cardigan took the cheque for his examination:

"Is that signature yours, sir?"

One glance of keen scrutiny was sufficient. That "John Cardigan and Co." had not been written by the hand that had penned the queried document, but so well had it been forged that ninety-nine cashiers out of ten would have detected nothing suspicious in it, and but for the instinct which helps a man to differentiate at sight his own handwriting from any imitation of it, John Cardigan himself would not have been able so quickly to recognise what a closer scrutiny would any scrutiny revealed to him. But certain minute peculiarities in the formation of certain letters, for he knew who had penned the style and altered his

From the moment this [illegible] his proud [illegible] never again the [illegible] man, though none but [illegible] was conscious of the [illegible]. But he was sensible [illegible] that the sharp eyes [illegible] official from the bank [illegible] on him, and with [illegible] of self-control he [illegible] this emotion, so that [illegible] nerve should [illegible]

The clerk repeated the [illegible] "Is the signature [illegible]

"The signature is mine." [illegible] Cardigan uttered the [illegible] in the usual tones of his [illegible] cold voice; but his [illegible] was so dry that he [illegible] it before he [illegible]

Alone by himself, for some five minutes the mask fell. He [illegible] an older and an altered face in his hands that were no [illegible] steady. The bitterness he tasted during those few [illegible] was the bitterness of death—the death of a long [illegible] and high hopes and a manly pride. Not only had these [illegible] years lived in him—he had lived in them; and [illegible] of himself was dead too, now.

But his eyes held no trace of suffering, his face was quite [illegible] passed again, as he uncovered and raised his bowed head. [illegible] was strong and hard once more, in the triple power and [illegible] of temperament, habit, and a ruthless resolution.

He rang the bell.

"Is Mr. Richard here yet?"

"He has just come, sir."

"Tell him to see me."

Under his breath and to himself, "'Just come'—at twelve o'clock," added the chief.

In the outer office, the clerk delivered his message to young Richard Cardigan, who, in slow and reluctant obedience to the command received, left his desk and entered the closed room beyond.

Strangely alike, and strangely unlike, were the faces of [illegible] and son. The similarity was in form and colour; the [illegible] was in all that made the features of the former [illegible] and masterful. The resemblance was physical—the [illegible] was the exhibition of the latter's weak will and [illegible] character; the revelation of an ill-regulated mind; the suggestion of late hours and early dissipation. Yet was there much that was pleasant and lovable in Dick's face; it was because of the good points it negatived rather than of any real viciousness it affirmed that it showed now to so great a disadvantage.

"Easily led into evil," had said his father of him, and said truly. "Easily influenced for good," had whispered his mother—and she had whispered truly.

Considering its occasion and its issues, the interview was brief. Repeated remonstrances, repeated promises, repeated backslidings, were scarcely referred to, save incidentally—they belonged to the past now. There was little upbraiding, and no denial.

"The fifty pounds I refused you the other day . . . ."

"It was for a debt of honour, father."

"You have embezzled. I have seen with my own eyes, and held with my own hands, the cheque to which you forged my signature. What!"—as Richard feebly repeated the feeble plea he had just worded. "'A debt of honour?' Even that gambler's phrase is out of place on the lips of a thief."

"I should have paid it all back in a few days—I could indeed, sir. I didn't think the cheque would have been paid in so soon, and I've been trying to raise the money for it in the meantime."

Except for a gesture of impatient scorn and angry contempt—a gesture which hurt more than words could have hurt—the assurance was ignored.

"Never let me see you again. I have saved you from exposure by verifying, as my signature, your forgery of it—so you are in no danger. You are free to go, but not free to remain."

"To go where, father?"

"As far abroad as twenty pounds will take you. I shall give you no more. When the door of this room closes behind you, I have done with you. You may go home to pack up what belongs to you, but don't let me find you there when I return myself this evening."

* * *

For ten years had the mention of Richard's name been forbidden, even from the lips of his mother. For nearly ten years she had only breathed it on her knees—though just at first she had uttered it often, regardless of the injunction of silence laid upon her, but only in her vain and long-since abandoned efforts to soften his father's heart towards their only boy.

At last there came a night when she tried once more after nearly ten years.

In a secret place, secure from her husband's ken, she guarded jealously a little store of treasures that were all her own—toys that Dick had played with as a child, things he had used and handled later on—and his photograph. This last, before he could recognise whose it was, she placed in her husband's hands, as she sank beside his chair.

"Oh, John," she cried, "if he were to come home—if Dick were to enter his rich, unhappy home—if he were here to-night—hurt and weary in the fight with the world, but sorry—Oh, so sorry—for all the past—broken and repentant, longing and asking for forgiveness, and above all determined to lead a new and blameless life for the future, what would you do, John? What would you say to him, John?"

For answer John Cardigan—white-haired John Cardigan now—tore the photograph into fragments and flung them on the fire.

* * * * * * *

Some hours afterwards, the sobbing of his wife as he lay by her side awoke him from sleep. Thus aroused, he heard another and a distant sound—a sound from some room below.

Stealthily, silently, swiftly, a man was descending in front of him.

Listening intently, he heard the noise again, and louder than before. In dressing-gown and slippers, and with candle in hand, he descended the broad staircase.

Stealthily, silently, swiftly, a man, who had almost reached the hall to which it led, was descending it in front of him.

John Cardigan was no coward. He quickened his pace, aged and weaponless though he was. The intruder in advance of him disappeared. As the master of the house stepped from the last stair, he was turning the handle of the drawing-room door. But that door was thrown noiselessly open from within, and two men emerged, the upper parts of whose faces were covered with black crepe, and who carried between them a partially filled sack, which they flung to the floor as the man who confronted them made a rush, and closed with the bigger of the two.

At the same moment a crash of breaking glass in the rear of the house was followed by hurrying, heavy footfalls—and into the hall burst a police-sergeant and a constable, just as the masked burglars opened fire. The taller of them had thrown the man who had seized him, and let fly the first bullet. It shattered the candle in John Cardigan's hand, and the old man, blinded by the hot splinters, fell, panting, but upright, against the banister. Thus helpless, he was covered instantly by the revolver of the second burglar, while the first fired at the head of the sergeant.

What happened after he lost consciousness had all to be explained to her husband by Mrs. Cardigan, of whose arrival on the scene he had no recollection. Three days had passed—for him, days of pain and sightlessness, and threatened fever of the brain. He was better now, and could see again, and might be told everything.

"You were shot at twice, dear," she repeated gently. "The second bullet could not possibly have failed to kill you but for the self-sacrifice of the man who threw his arms around you and covered your body with his own."

"Brave policeman—brave fellow! Was he hit, Mary?"

"Yes, John."

"Don't tell me he was killed!"

"He is dying, dear, now."

"Where, where was he taken?"

"Into the room next this room of ours."

"Here? Let me go to him—at once."

"I will come with you, John"—but she lingered behind him as he knelt by the bed, and spoke broken words in the dying ear, pressed the dying hand, and kissed the dying lips, only coming closer to him to whisper:

"I have hidden him from you—here at home — for months, John dear."

Hand in hand they left the room when all was over.

"Thank God he understood," John Cardigan said; "and heard me call him 'Dick' again.'

A.S.C. DRAUGHTSMEN.

A correspondent inquires the qualifications for draughtsmen in the Mechanical Transport (Dismounted) Branch of the Army Service Corps.

The candidate, to quote the Recruiting Regulations, is required to "have a good knowledge of sketching, measuring, and making working drawings of machinery details, the working drawings to be fully and accurately dimensioned and to have all machined surfaces properly indicated; to have a fair knowledge of isometric drawing; to have a good knowledge of arithmetic and mechanics.

"Preference will be given to a man who has been employed as a fitter or turner for a period of three years, and as a draughtsman for a period of two years or more."

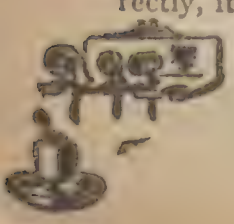
Now we hope our correspondent knows all about it.

"PALMING" TOBACCO.

To get just enough, neither too little nor too much, tobacco into his bowl, is the aim of every smoker when filling his pipe. To have, especially, to dig a knife into a too-tightly-plugged pipe in order to make it draw is a distinct trial of the flesh.

"Palming" the tobacco solves the difficulty. By putting a small quantity into the palm of your left hand, and revolving the bowl of your pipe, with a gentle pressure on the tobacco, the latter will be gradually coaxed in. It will take some time to gain the knack of doing this; but after one or two days, especially if you smoke a fine-cut tobacco, you will find it become almost second nature.

The advantage of this method is that, when done correctly, it fills the pipe evenly with just the amount of tobacco it is intended to hold.



MEASURING POLO PONIES.

AN ANXIOUS TIME FOR THEIR OWNERS.

Before a polo pony can be registered under Hurlingham Rules, he must be measured to see whether he exceeds the 14.2 limit, and this is an anxious time for the owner of a pony with whom it is a near thing.

The measuring is done by the official measurer in a box with a level floor specially erected for the purpose, and on no account may the owner of the pony or his servant enter the box while the measuring is in progress.

The pony, say the rules, shall stand stripped on the level floor, and the measurement shall be made at the highest point of the withers.

The forelegs from the point of the shoulder, and the hind legs from the back downwards, shall be as perpendicular to the floor and as parallel to each other as the conformation of the pony allows.

The wither may be shaved, but the mane must not be pulled down, or the skin of the neck or wither in any way interfered with.

Ponies may be measured with or without shoes, but no allowance shall be made.

A pony aged five years and upwards may be measured and registered for life, but a pony under five years can be registered for the current season only.

A pony which appears to have been subjected to any improper treatment in order to reduce his height shall not be measured, and a pony thus rejected may not be presented again for measurement until the following season.

In regard to young stock exhibited at the Polo Pony Show, the rules are as follows:

No pony exhibited in the yearling class must exceed 13.2, no two-year-old must exceed 14 hands, and no three-year-old must exceed 14.1.

The height of a polo pony is of great importance. Obviously he is worthless for polo purposes if he is over the standard, but if he is under 14.1 his value is greatly depreciated.

BOXING NOTES.

CURRENT GOSSIP FROM THE ROPES AND STAKES.

Another very smart young boxer has made a sudden spring into the limelight in the person of Louis Ruddick, the Leeds fly-weight. Opposed the other day to a very [illegible] clever, and, let it be whispered, hardly too scrupulous French fly-weight, Dastillon, champion of France at the weight, Ruddick brought off a notable victory for the Old Country.

The Frenchman fought, as an eye-witness aptly remarked of it, "like a fiend," slogging in a way that suggested a certain lack of control over his temper; and during the early rounds had his head continually in dangerous proximity to the Leeds boy's jaw. But Ruddick was much too good; and scored a well-deserved win, after knocking his opponent twice through the ropes.

As Ruddick, by the way, is said to be only eighteen, great things may clearly be expected of him within the next few years.

Yet another black v. white contest—to wit, the Young Johnson v. Johnny Matheson match at the Ring—ended in a win for the white man. The Scot had on two previous occasions beaten Young Johnson; but the total of points that he accumulated on this journey was far in advance of the earlier performances. I can see Matheson giving a lot of trouble before long to the best men at his weight.

Billy Marchant, lately returned from a triumphant tour of the United States, contributes to a contemporary some interesting views on the chances of Bombardier Wells against Al. Palzer, the Transatlantic heavy-weight, whom Wells is said to be going to meet in America in July. Marchant tersely observes that Palzer is "the only big American in sight"; but optimistically opines that Wells stands quite a good chance if he will box his man and not allow the latter to mix things. This opinion is the same that I expressed quite a good time ago. Good boxer as the Bombardier is, he has yet neither the strength nor the first-class experience to attempt in-fighting with a real specialist in the latter department of the game.

To-night (Monday) will see the long-expected meeting at the N.S.C. between Digger Stanley and Charles Ledoux for the world's bantam championship. Good luck, Digger! You deserve to win!

"Straight Left."

What will you be in 1915?

The next three years will make or mar many business careers. What will they do to yours?

EVERY man engaged in business—and particularly every young man—should sometimes ask himself, "What will I be in three years time? Will I still be doing the same mechanical work at practically the same low wages, or will I be occupying a responsible position at a really substantial salary?"

For, after all, the answer to that question depends upon your own efforts, depends especially upon what you do *now*. There is no doubt that the man who seizes his opportunities now is the man who will be reaping the benefit then. Whatever your position now, you are bound to have your chance during the next three years, and it is for you to say whether you will be able to take it. If you are content to go on doing the same mechanical work without any attempt to widen your experience, you will see other men seize the chances that should have been yours. Is that what you want?

What Andrew Carnegie says:

"But," you will say, "how *can* I widen my experience? I cannot choose my own work. I have to do what I am told." So you have, but, as Andrew Carnegie told a reporter a little while ago, "*Merely doing your duty is not sufficient. You must work with your head, and in addition to obeying orders, work out projects of your own.*"

Now, how are you going to lay these projects if you have no past experience to help you? I will tell you. You must use the experience of other men, of men like A. W. Gamage, who in a few years rose from a draper's assistant to the proprietor of one of the greatest stores in Europe. You must virtually adopt him as your partner.

Take Gamage as your Partner.

For you actually *can* have Gamage for your partner, at least as far as the benefit of his advice is concerned. And not only Gamage, but also Sir Joseph Lyons, the famous restaurateur; and Richard Burbidge, managing director of Harrods' Stores; and S. F. Edge, the famous expert on making and selling motor-cars, who started as a cycle racer; and James Murray Allison, now advertisement manager of "The Times"; and John Lavrie, managing director of William Whiteley, Ltd.

And the way you can get the benefit of these men's knowledge is by getting the "Business Encyclopædia" and by referring to it whenever a business difficulty faces you. Whatever your difficulty, however hard it seems, you will be able to solve it by the advice given in the "Business Encyclopædia." For it is written by men who have solved similar difficulties themselves, including all those mentioned above, and many more besides, whose names will be sent free upon request.

Is it any wonder, then, that over 50,000 successful business men and great business firms are already using the work? Can there be any doubt that you will be better able to succeed if you also have it by your side to give you advice in your difficulties and to lend you confidence in your decisions?

A Book on Business Free.

In the next column you will find a special coupon for readers of Modern Man, which entitles you to a free copy of an interesting book on business, that may set you on the right road to business success, just as it has set many others of your fellow readers. In itself, it is of considerable value to any business man, for it contains actual facsimile specimens, showing how to draw up important legal documents, such as wills, agreements, leases, indentures, etc., etc.

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Whatever line of business you are in, whatever position you occupy in it, this work can prove invaluable to you if you will use it right. If you want to know about any point in book-keeping, the "Business Encyclopædia" will tell you. If you want to know about drawing up a balance-sheet, or a profit and loss account, you will find it here. If you want to know the law as it affects your own particular calling, if you want to know anything about manufacturing, if you want to learn all about loose leaf and card index systems, you can learn it here. You can learn, in fact, of any and every subject connected with business. Surely you realise the help this knowledge would mean.

It is only because 50,000 firms and business men are already using this work that we are able to offer to deliver it to any reader of Modern Man for a first payment of 1s. 6d. only, the balance being paid in small monthly payments, while you are already using and benefiting by the work. But signing this coupon does not cost you anything.

Two Opinions.

J. S. FRY & SONS, Ltd., Bristol, write:

"We strongly advise all commercial men to purchase the work. It is the work *par excellence* for every business man to possess."

A CASHIER'S OPINION.

Mr. L. C. Horsley, Cashier, Marlborough Road, Ipswich: "I find it of the greatest possible assistance to me in my work as cashier to one of the largest manufacturing companies in East Anglia. I am sorry there were not such valuable sources of information years ago. It would have saved me hours of work."

A FREE BOOK.

This Coupon entitles you to one free copy of the book describing the "Business Encyclopædia," but it must be sent at once. It tells all about the work and the specially low terms to readers of Modern Man, who can obtain the complete work for a first payment of 1s. 6d. only, paying the balance in small monthly payments.

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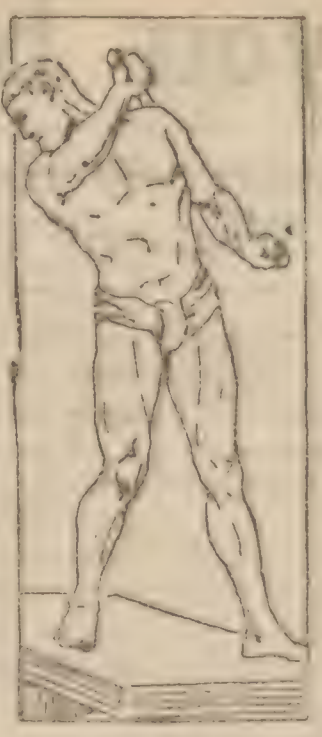
RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by our

PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.



A LEG TO SHOW.

HOW TO DEVELOP THE NETHER LIMBS.

With our grandfathers it was considered the mark of a man to be able to "show a leg," into which we may read the additional words a well-shaped, well-developed nether limb.

And, as a rule, grandpa had no reason to be ashamed of his understandings; for the simple reason, of course, that, rich or poor, he used his legs far more than we do.

Incidentally, I fancy that on the principle that it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good, the coal strike and the consequent dislocated train service have helped to develop the average man's legs.

To possess a well-turned leg is a natural and laudable ambition, but it is not always to be gratified.

Some men have naturally thin, even skinny shanks, a fact which does not debar them from being accomplished athletes. Others run to ungainly fat in their calves, which, huge though they may be, are misleading as indicating muscular power or activity.

Not easy to perform at first.

Between these extremes we have the average leg, and to develop it is difficult.

Admitting that the modern man often rides, or at least is carried, where his forebears walked, we use our legs from infancy, and on reaching manhood they are almost fully developed. But not quite. It is possible to increase the calf and thigh measurements.

Skipping is one of the simplest methods of accomplishing this, but frequently the enthusiast overdoes it. Excessive skipping, as I have pointed out before, does far more harm than good, and will produce not a big leg, but a skinny, scraggy one, such as street boys love to jeer at.

Ten minutes' skipping at a time, and not more than twice a day, is enough. Indeed, I should be inclined to make five minutes the limit, except for practical athletes in hard training.

Jumping, of course, is excellent, but not always to be conveniently practised at home.

Here, however, is an exercise which will enable you to wear knickerbockers, or even kilts, without feeling nervous or wishing that the earth would open and swallow you up.

Stand on the right leg, with the left leg doubled up so that the upper part of the calf presses against the back of the right knee. Now bend the right leg until the left knee touches the right heel, rise, and repeat the exercise until you feel tired, which in the case of a beginner will probably be in about three times.

This is not an easy exercise, and at first you will find it hard enough to do without adding to the strain by holding dumb-bells or other weights in your hands. These, however, though not essential, may be advantageously introduced later on.

It is understood, of course, that the exercise is performed on right or left leg alternately.

A TRAINING TIP.

There are not a few earnest athletes who, although they follow religiously a Spartan system of training dietary, are disgusted to find themselves periodically assailed by minor digestive troubles. Perhaps it is because they either neglect or do not know of this quite important rule.

When you sit down to a meal, eat as much as you want and then, not before, take a draught of whatever liquid is going. Probably you will need a certain amount of determination at first to avoid taking a sip or two between mouthfuls; but stick to the system, and use the drink literally to "wash down" your solid food.

DEVELOPMENT

PHYSICAL CULTURE ANSWERS.

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A. E. H. (Manor Park).—(1) Measurements by no means good. (2) The best way to increase your height is to adopt the system of Mr. Arthur Girvan; his exercises will also improve your other measurements.

N. J. (Bethnal Green).—Cocoa and bovril and agus are valuable foods, and have a distinct medical action. The former is particularly good for persons of rheumatic tendency, while the latter stimulates the kidneys.

H. A. P. (Silksworth).—Sorry the exercise did not cure your knock-knees. Of course, the condition is due to many different causes that it is difficult to prescribe for without having seen you. It might be worth your while to consult a surgeon.

H. A. J. (Northampton).—No reason you should not put on another inch or two. See answer to A. E. H. Your arms and chest are quite all right.

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INTRUSIVE WOMAN

A LIVERY CONTRIBUTOR PROTESTS.

A leading, if not, indeed, the leading, characteristic of the modern woman is intrusiveness.

I do not exactly use the term in the Paul Pry sense, though woman, if she has lost some feminine qualities, still retains all her original, and frequently dangerous, curiosity.

The modern woman's intrusiveness, however, lies mainly in her growing habit of thrusting herself where she is not wanted.

Take, for example, the disappearance of the former custom by which at the conclusion of dinner the ladies retired to the drawing-room, leaving the gentlemen to smoke and drink by themselves.

I am not suggesting that we should return to the mode of our great-grandfathers, who sat for hours over their after-dinner wine, eventually reaching the drawing-room in a more or less fuddled state, but have we not rushed to the other extreme? Nowadays the men are rarely allowed even five minutes' grace after dinner, and this applies to most classes of society.

SMART SET STANDARDS.

A few years since the ladies made some pretence of apologising for remaining in the dining-room, but now they do not trouble to do even that. They retain their seats as a matter of course, if not of right.

I shall be accused of being a curmudgeon, and told that the segregation of the sexes after dinner is now hopelessly behind the times. Well, I decline to take my standards of good breeding from the so-called "Smart Set." It was the manly smoking, cigarette-smoking, dram-drinking, restaurant-loafing women of this ignoble coterie who first set the fashion of intrusiveness, and the evil has spread to the *bourgeoisie*. You can leave the "Smart Set," and Society in general, to take care of themselves, but the middle-class intrusive woman is working havoc.

THE TIME FOR PEACE.

If there be a time when the busy middle-class professional man needs rest and peace it is immediately after dinner. Does he get it? Not much. His women-folk remain in the dining-room to irritate him with trivial remarks and questions. He reads his evening paper in order to grab it the moment he lays it down—for the modern woman has developed an extremely unintelligent interest in newspapers. She does not read them for any practical purpose as a man reads the news which affects his work. She devours the papers partly as a form of intellectual pabulum, but mainly because she cannot bear to let her husband have even a newspaper to himself.

His temper and his digestion suffer, and sometimes there is real trouble, simply because the modern woman will not leave her husband alone after dinner.

CAN'T ENTERTAIN HERSELF.

What is the poor woman to do, you may say. Is she to sit by herself in her drawing-room? Why not? If she had any resources in herself she would be content and able to amuse herself for half an hour until her husband, refreshed by his quiet spell, rejoined her, ready to amuse and to be amused.

But the modern middle-class woman is singularly devoid of inner resource. She is usually ill-read, mentally narrow, and physically restless. Stupid, indeed, must be the person who is bored by himself, but the modern woman dreads her own company, and insists on boring man with it.

The average man does not want woman continually at his side.

The Joneses, of Balham, go to dine at the Robinsons, of Streatham. Jones and Robinson rarely meet, and they would enjoy a quiet after-dinner chat, but it is not for them. Not for one moment will Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Robinson leave them alone, and the men are irritated and bored.

The modern woman is not content with the hotel lounge as common ground for men and women. She pursues the men into the billiard-room and smoking-room—ask yourself out of your own experience if this is not true?

It is the same in sport. Certainly there are sports and games which are all the more enjoyable when shared with women, but the modern woman has taken to trespassing on sporting domains which should be exclusively man's.

Recent professional boxing contests at Olympia and elsewhere have been attended by considerable numbers of women. I admit it is difficult to find a concrete reason why women should not witness a well-conducted boxing contest; but the vast majority of men do not want women at such meetings. They might find it hard to define their objections, but the sentiment is there, deep-rooted and ineradicable. Woman knows perfectly well that she is not wanted at boxing contests, and she wilfully and deliberately intrudes on them.

American women are supposed to have more freedom than ours, but although women do occasionally attend boxing contests in America, they invariably witness them either disguised as men or from the cover of curtained boxes, where they are screened from the view of the audience. Here our women attend openly, very much undraped, and totally unashamed.

There are the women who wilfully and unnecessarily crowd into smoking carriages. There is the intrusive girl clerk—I don't mean the genuine article, but the discontented middle-class girl with a good home behind her, who intrudes into business because home is dull and she wants more money to waste on vulgar finery.

OFF HER PEDESTAL.

However, it is the social intrusiveness of the modern woman that I chiefly complain of. I do not do so because I am in any way a misogynist. It is the stark, staring stupidity of it that irritates me.

Surely even the unthinking modern woman might know that it is part of man's weakness to be easily cloyed. Woman thrusts her sweetness upon him until he sickens of it. This is why the marriage rate is declining.

N. W. F.

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THE MAGNET.

A SHORT STORY.

By A. M. STEWART.

The woman put up her hand with a little imploring gesture.

"Don't. You'll be sorry."

"Sorry!" echoed the man. "Damn it, Alice—no, I don't mean that, but why don't you let me speak?"

She shrugged her shoulders a trifle impatiently. How stupid men were! And then they cry out that women are so cruel.

"Because I don't want to hurt you," she said after a pause.

"Hurt me!" he laughed, looking down at her from his six feet of manhood. "Could you, little woman?"

She frowned. How certain he seemed of her!

He caught the frown, but for the life of him he couldn't tell what was the matter with her.

Into the room the soft-slippered dusk stole, and from the garden below the scent of flowers floated up and in, and the dusk and the perfume seemed to mingle and unite until they became Her.

"I came here to say something, and I'm going to say it." He spoke with a certain rough tenderness, but he was no ladies' man, and he showed it.

"Yes!" she said, and waited, making no further demur. If he would ride for a fall, he must, and in that ominous pause the man put his fate to the touch, and—lost.

His say was a short one—only those three little words which, after all, hold the universe together.

There was nothing of the tenderness of twilight about the woman's face as she turned it to him when the last lingering accent of "I love you" had ceased.

"If you had spoken yesterday morning, I should have given you a different answer," was what he heard, and he dared not take her in his arms, or the beating of her heart might have still given him that different answer!

"Why?" he began, and then added, in a softer key. "You know you do love me, Alice."

She neither assented nor denied. Her answer was a question. "Do you think so after last night?"

The man's face flushed a dull red.

"You saw me?"

"Yes! I saw you!" And all her calm suddenly fell from her, and the flame of her outraged womanhood seemed to scorch him. "And after that you dare to come here and tell me that you love me, and remind me that I love you!"

He was silent, trying to think what he had done the previous night after parting with those new pals of his—silent with that ugly dull flush on his cheeks, and that sullen look in his eyes that seemed to change him altogether.

And because he had defied her, the woman did not spare him.

"You came here last night."

"What!" He sprang to his feet and faced her.

"Only as far as the garden"—she pointed through the window. It was still light enough for him to see the rosemary bush by the gate. "The Madonna lilies suffered from your contact; that is all."

"And you?" he whispered.

"I told you you would be sorry if you spoke."

And because he felt there was nothing to be said, he went away.

She looked after him with eyes that held all he would have given his soul to see. Then she slipped out into the garden and stooped over the broken lilies, which represented her shattered dream.

But a smile lingered like a rainbow in the depths of her tear-filled eyes, even as she touched their petals.

* * * * * * *

Should he go in? The man hesitated; then let the gate swing open. The white lilies stood up in serried rows, and in the porch she stood.

"I did not mean to come," he said.

"I knew you would," she smiled.

"What? After letting me go?"

"I knew the man I loved and who loved me could not keep away."

"He has come back a better man, Alice," he whispered, as his arms closed round her.

"Isn't it as easy to be good as bad?" she asked.

And he answered her with a kiss: "It depends on the magnet."

HINTS ON BOWLS.

Beginners should use a medium-size bowl. The bowl should rest lightly in the hollow of the hand, supported by the middle fingers, the function of the thumb and little finger being merely to hold it in position.

The great thing is to get the hand as close to the ground as possible when delivering the bowl, and to avoid the least suspicion of a jerk or throw.

Don't forget to see that you have the bias on the right side, and study any peculiarities of the green.

Remember, too, that a side should have only one skip.

AN AMUSING CATCH.

Try this on your friends the next time smart cards are the order of the day, or, rather, of a convivial evening.

Take a small piece of paper, of anything from six inches to a foot long. An envelope, for instance, will do. Say that you will place it on the ground, and put your toe to one end, while any man puts his toe on the other—and that you will bet he can't lay a finger on you. Repeat this sporting offer with due seriousness until somebody takes up your challenge.

Then all you have to do is to slip the paper under the door, so that one end of it is on each side of the latter when it is closed. Thus it is obvious that when your conditions are fulfilled, and the door is between you and the other man, he cannot possibly lay a finger on you.

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Pulling a Poltroon's Leg

A TALE OF BLUE FUNK.

By "CHINSTRAP."

My friend Mr. Frank Scudamore's very interesting article in THE MODERN MAN on the vagaries of funk, half laughable, half tragic, of the Matabele War of 1896.

At the outbreak of the rebellion there was in Buluwayo a certain Englishman. I am not going to identify him, partly out of consideration for the honoured family of gentlemen and sportsmen from which he sprang, partly for the poor devil's own sake, for, as Mr. Scudamore has justly pointed out, courage is a peculiar and elusive quality, and, for aught I know to the contrary, X may since have shown himself a brave man.

However, here was X, a fine, athletic fellow to look at, a man who had repeatedly proved his nerve on cricket and football field, and yet when the trouble began, and Buluwayo was threatened with assault and capture, X went all to pieces, and unmistakably showed the white feather.

In an early number of THE MODERN MAN—my, how time flies!—I told you how the Buluwayans constructed a laager in the market square to which citizens were ordered to repair on the alarm being given. Incidentally, I mentioned the case of a gentleman of a married man—who, the alarm having been sounded one night, dashed into the laager fondly clasping a pillow to his breast under the impression that he was carrying the baby.

However, the point is that while other men were content to go about their business or to take part in forays against the foe, X wanted to live in the laager, and repeatedly had to be kicked out of it.

The only way to the South and safety lay through the defile of the Mangwe Pass.

The Matabele seized it the situation would have been extremely grave. Any relieving force would have had a tough job to wrest it from the enemy; while supplies would have been cut off.

As it was, with extraordinary, and, for us, most fortunate fatuity, the Matabele made no attempt to close the Pass. Still, in the first days of the war there was no saying when they might not take it into their heads to do so, and the women and children as there were were hurried through the Mangwe under armed escort. X wanted very much to go with them, but his petitions for a seat in the coach were refused with many revilings.

As soon as possible the Buluwayans fortified the Pass—Fred Burnham, the famous Scout, was in command of one of the forts—and the Mafeking coach resumed a fairly regular service.

There was now no reason why X should not face the country, but the ordinary coach was not good enough for him. He insisted, one all to himself, and an armed escort. The things that were said and done about him were quite unprintable.

Therefore much surprise was felt when a well-known character of fortune, whom I call W, was observed colleaguing with the poltroon.

Later it appeared that, tempted by X's gold, W had agreed to find X a conveyance and an escort through the Pass, at the rate of £20 a nob and £50 for himself. X, I should have explained, was in Buluwayo on financial business, and was plentifully supplied with ready money. We felt rather disgusted with the mercenary W.

In due course the cortège left amid anything but applause, X having with him a cash-box containing some £500 in notes and gold.

The Mangwe Pass is rather gloomy, and I have no doubt X felt a bit uncomfortable when the coach that had been procured for him swung in between the rising walls of rock. I am quite sure he felt most unhappy when in the darkest, loneliest part of the Mangwe the coach pulled up with a jerk and shots and shouts rang out.

Indeed, when W went to inform X that the road was blocked and the Matabele attacking in force, he found the wretched man as much under the seat as he could get. W reported that the situation was serious, and from the depths X implored him to save him, and suggested summoning assistance from the nearest fort.

"No good," said W. "There's another impi attacking them. I guess they're busy enough as it is. By gad, look out, there!" and W galloped off.

The tumult increased, and probably X felt in no need of a dose of effervescent saline.

Presently W was back again. "Mr. X," he said, "I'm afraid it's all U-P. My men say they have had enough of it, and have done all they can. We shall have to cut and run for it. But it's a thousand to one against. Come along. You can hang on to my stirrup-leather. Hurry up!"

"But you can't desert me. I paid you," moaned X.

"Certainly; and you can have your money back if you think it will be any good to you, but my men aren't going to chuck away their lives for a £10 note," retorted W.

"If it's money they want," he said, "I'll give them anything they like. I've got over £500 here. They can have it all if they'll get me through, and I'll give you a cheque for £500 for yourself."

"I'll see," said W, and shot off.

"All right," he said, back again. "We'll hold out for another ten minutes. Perhaps help will come. But that's the limit."

Help did come. The holders of the fort beat off the besieging impi and took the other Matabele in the rear.

At least, that was what X was told, for he saw nothing, preferring to remain on the floor of the coach until it rattled out of the Mangwe, only stopping to give X time to hand over the cash and cheque, which he did most thankfully.

There was a hot time in Buluwayo that night when the dauntless escort returned, and W and the commander of the fort—no, it wasn't Burnham—who came in with him, were the two drunkest men I ever saw.

Strange to say, there is no official record of the affair, and there are those who say that on that particular day there was not a Matabele within ten miles of the Mangwe.

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

HUMAN NATURE—PROFITABLE AND UNPROFITABLE.

HOW ORDERS SHOULD BE GIVEN.

It would almost seem that the ideal of the business employer, taking him in the lump, is to eliminate human nature, even from his human assistants, and to conduct his business with the same precision and unpersonal regularity as a clock's ticking.

Indeed, business men might be divided into two classes; those who endeavour (and fail) to exclude the human element, and those who allow for the human element and act accordingly, either to counteract it where it tends away from business efficiency, or to control and foster it where it serves business ends.

Much may depend on the correct execution of an order. But (whether much or little depends) it is as well that orders should be executed, obeyed if you like that term better, or they perhaps would not be issued.

It is in this matter of giving an order that so many business men are not all that the employee could desire.

The employer, in calling to him an assistant for the purpose of giving an order, assumes, rightly or wrongly, that that assistant has the circumstances surrounding the order in his mind.

He gives his order, the employee hears it, and as a plain statement it may be simple enough. But the employee has not in his mind the "hang" of the matter, and so the simple order does not carry any definite instruction to his mind.

Then comes human nature. The employee, fearing that he will be "written down an ass" or otherwise adversely criticised, does not ask to have the whole thing explained to him.

He goes away, uncertain, hesitating, worried, and miserable. He half does what he is told to do, and the result is that the matter goes wrong. The employer is annoyed, the employee is in fear of the "sack," and the office becomes inefficient.

It is almost true to say that the average employer only gives half an order as a rule. He assumes a wider knowledge on the part of the employee than that employee can be expected to have.

The result is—human nature brings failure. The employee's natural disinclination to ask to have an order repeated and explained never struck the employer. Had he remembered his own feelings when in a similar position, he would have allowed for human nature and have made things plain.

E. N.

FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—Editor.)

The coal strike is over—thank goodness!—and, as I predicted, stocks have risen in price all round.

In my opinion, the settlement of this great labour dispute paves the way for Government intervention in future to settle differences between employers and employees without the disastrous results of a strike.

One effect of the strike has been that the railway companies have burnt a great deal of rubbish in their slow engines that was considered quite worthless, besides learning other economies which will be continued; consequently—taken all round—I am inclined to think that the strike has been a blessing in disguise for Home Railways.

The features in the Home Rail market during the week have been the rise in the South-Eastern and Chatham Stocks on the rumours that a large capital had been arranged to work commercially the Kent collieries.

Canadian Pacifics are still moving merrily ahead, and the 300 mark is getting nearer almost every day.

The American political situation is getting more unsettling to Wall Street, now that Roosevelt is showing his teeth, and operators ought to keep in close touch with the market, so that they can cut a loss if necessary.

Marconi shares continue to improve in price on American buying, and the new issue of the American Marconi Company will be launched on the market before these lines appear in print.

Oil shares have risen nearly all round during the last few days, and everything points to an early boom in Oils.

The Rubber share market keeps steady, and Tins look like going ahead again at any moment.

FINANCIAL ANSWERS.

L. A. (Nelson).—The shares are a promising speculation purchased at the present price.

E. B. L. (Braintree).—A and C are good, B very speculative, D is not suitable for speculative purposes, as there would be difficulty in carrying over; as a lock-up investment they would be all right.

J. N. (Dundee).—I do not advise a purchase at present.

"Scoon" (Tipton).—Hold the shares for a rise.

A. W. T. (Reigate).—The dividends for the last three years have averaged five per cent., and there is a good reserve fund. In my opinion, quite a good investment.

"Straw" (Luton).—Take no notice of the statement; it emanates from interested parties, and the information is not reliable.

"Interested" (Whitley Bay).—See reply above.

J. J. (Southport).—Sorry, but am unable to give the quotation. If you know a Liverpool broker he may be able to help you.

K. O. (Grantham).—I prefer No. 4. The other is speculative and not likely to improve at present.

The Financial Editor.

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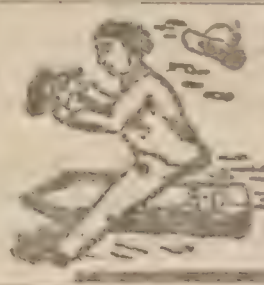

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THE IMPERFECT PUP

A CANINE SKETCH.

By SIDNEY NORTH,

At this very moment the prisoner under sentence is lying in the cow-shed.

He is there following on a period of being called blue in the greenhouse, cursed in the cabbage-patch, and among the nasturtium seeds.

The lesson of my bitter experience is that at seed time I will abrogate all puppies to the extreme limit of discretion.

Were there a home for imperfect pups in the Andes, I would back up my Mr. Martin—my bull-terrier pup, son of Pikanik—and ask them to put him in a padded room with flower-seeds, there to be left until he hated the sight of them.

I would be unnecessary. I should get him sickened for Eckford's ten-seeds-a-shilling variety. I would make him have a succession of meals of Cerise for Clara Curtis, Saint George, Dodwell F. Brown, Henry Bell, until the sight of a packet of seeds sent him into the fried whiting he looks like sometimes he succeeds in putting his tail through his mouth.

He has devoured Cerise (waved) with an enthusiasm that causes me to think he is colour-feeding himself because he knows Cerise is to be the fashionable shade this year; some of Dodwell F. Browns I found in his ear; of my twenty "Mrs. Bell's" all that was left was the last three letters of Mrs. Bell's name on the packet. By the way he set his head on one side and looked at me, as it were from the back of his head, I am sure he was convinced I should add an "h" to Mrs. Bell.

I am well to admit right away that we are disappointed in Mr. Martin, who, being Pikanik's undoubted son, was brought in place of the stud fee.

We hoped he would be a nice pup. I expected to welt him for chewing up my socks or eating Mrs. Hayes' (my landlady's) aprons. I expected him to behave like an ordinary pup should. But, instead, he has led his father astray. Still it is only old associations that save Pikanik from being replaced by some gentler and more docile Blenheim, or King Charles spaniel.

He is a youngster who, in these advanced days, gives his father the tip about the excellence of gin and sherry or two cocktails, with a spot of sherry, gin, and benedictine, and, as a connoisseur, Mr. Martin has shown to his father the fascinating of his hobby.

The casting of seeds out of the greenhouse is his business. To his leisure moments he devotes to his hobby the same amount of energy, and his idiot of a father (well nicknamed Pikanik, I think, now) follows suit.

They both nip off the young bean shoots with equal gusto. Born bud-hunters, not a bud appears on any plant that they do not decapitate.

I have caught them once with some ten choice specimens laid out (after being duly chewed) on the path.

I called for the whip and let them have it soundly. They walked away deep in thought.

The next day they had an idea. They waited for me a half-hour or so outside, and, as obsequious as family retainers in the service of the best people, they reverently deposited at my feet a mouthful each of their morning's handiwork.

"Woof," said Pikanik. "Of course, we ought to have done that yesterday. You observe, my son, that our noble master smiles."

I did, but, like the saddened man in the drama, "bitterly."

The result was that Mr. Martin, the stirrer-up of sedition, the Syndicalist of my England, is relegated to the shed where my cow would be if ever I met one that did not chew the cud in a manner too utterly contemptuous of my person.

One firm adherent he still has, and that is the postman, who has no sovereign to give for one of his brothers, though he would dearly love to have one of them from the owner of my wayward Mr. Martin's mother.

The postman, even though his evil behaviour has been published abroad, asks to see him. When he comes in the morning, he looks in on the imperfect pup after he has delivered my letters, and addresses him as "Poor boy. Poor little chap—and do they tan his little hide for him?"

I have come to the conclusion that Mr. Martin takes after his mother too much. I have looked in on him and delivered sentence. It only remains for me to find the courage to carry it out.

I have spoken to him firmly about it.

"You might," I say to him, "have been a gentleman's dog. You could have basked on a well-cut lawn, and had bread and butter spread with bloater paste when we have tea outside. Pieces of sardine would have been yours. Tea in a saucer would have been given you to drink. You should have slept in the kitchen and been the honoured house-dog to a rising young author whose name a hundred thousand people in England forget as soon as they have put down his writings. Instead, you are to be the affectionately kicked, inconsiderable chattel of the man who brings him his inadequate cheques with such splendid irregularity. You are to be a postman's dog."

THE WOOD PIGEON'S WEIGHT.

You are generally safe to offer level money against anyone's shooting or otherwise capturing a wood pigeon weighing more than 1lb. 7oz.

Anyway, the writer has shot hundreds of wood pigeons and never found one that exceeded this weight, while very few approached it. Indeed, the odds against finding a wood pigeon over this weight are a good deal nearer ten to one than level money.

BREARLEY v. FRY.

Mr. Walter Brearley, the Lancashire fast bowler, is a bit of a jumper, as Mr. C. B. Fry has reason to remember.

At a cricket luncheon Brearley said: "Fry, I suppose you could easily jump this table?"

"No," said C. B., looking at the table. "In its present position I don't believe any man could do it."

"Humph," retorted Brearley. "If you can't do it, I don't think much of your jumping. I could find half a dozen lads in Lancashire who could show you the way over."

"I'll bet you a fiver there isn't a man in your team who could do it," said Fry, a trifle nettled.

"Right," said Brearley, and taking a couple of hops he went clean over without touching anything.

WHEN CRICKET NETS "LEAK."

A cricket net that "leaks" is an abomination, especially to the man who is practising in the next net. At this time, when nets have been lying away all through the lengthy off season, and possibly in some none too dry spot, they will often be found to have gone in places. It is remarkable how frequently the club slogger, quite unconsciously, manages to find these holes in the net.

Cricketers are notoriously careless about "leaking" nets; but as men have been known to sustain serious injuries from hard balls that have come unsuspectedly through a hole in the next net, it is not unreasonable to advise club captains to have their nets thoroughly overhauled, and if necessary repaired before being rigged up for practice.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required, a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

M. C. T. (Sydenham).—A soldier or sailor who obtains his discharge by purchase cannot be registered as a professional footballer until the expiration of twelve months from the date of his discharge. A professional footballer who joins the Army or Navy may be reinstated as an amateur immediately on application, but should he return to civil life, two years must elapse from the date he became an amateur before he can be registered as a professional.

"Fists" (Norwich).—Under Amateur Boxing Association Rules a competitor is allowed one second only, but in professional matches two seconds are allowed.

E. K. G. (Pontefract).—In the case of a British subject born abroad the general rule is that his nationality is that of his father.

P. M. (Tottenham).—You seem to be suffering from too much A.M. Late hours kill quicker than anything.

C. S. (Walsall).—The club winning the F.A. Cup holds it until Feb. 1 of the following year, when it must be returned to the Treasurer of the F.A. in good order and condition. Should the cup be lost or destroyed (except by fire or other accident) the club holding it shall, in addition to any other penalty the Association may impose, pay to the Association a sum of £100 as and for liquidated damages.

T. J. P. (Ramsgate).—The "Hungry Hundred" was the nickname given by the Navy to those selected officers of the merchant service who some twenty years ago were admitted to the Royal Navy.

"Vivian" (Lincoln).—Peter Jackson was just forty years of age when he died at Roma (Queensland) on July 13, 1901. The immediate cause of death was pleuro-pneumonia, but he was never the same man after his great contest with Frank Slavin in 1892, when, though he won, he received terrific body-punishment.

T. S. (Newport).—"Cinch," which is pronounced "sinch," is American for a "dead cert," "a soft job." We believe it originated in the plumbers' "cinch," a joint which cannot be loosened, or leak.

"No Trumps" (Hampstead).—It is a safe Bridge rule to declare "no trumps" when you can count 21 points in your own hand, but, as always, circumstances alter cases.

"Herbert" (Llanelly).—"Button ear" is dog fanciers' slang for an ear that folds over about the middle of the flap so that the passage of the ear is quite hidden. For show purposes a "button ear" is a "point" in some breeds, as, for example, the pug, but they are a serious blemish in a bulldog.

C. S. (Windermere), **H. C. H.** (Newcastle), **R. McP.** (Perth), **T. F.** (Bradford), **R. C. J.** (Wolverhampton), **T. N.** (Stroud), **A. M.** (Lichfield).—Best thanks.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

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FATE, FORTUNE, FUTURE,

that you should gain the wonderful knowledge of your [illegible] possibilities, you will avail yourself without delay of this [illegible] offer made for the benefit of readers of Modern Man. Hundreds owe their happiness and success to Mr. Spencer-Wallis's advice and guidance, and he is constantly consulted by ladies and [illegible] men in high society.

REMARKABLE EVIDENCE.

London, March [illegible]

Dear Sir,—I received the Character Study, which [illegible] wonderful. I would not have believed it possible [illegible] that had not come into personal contact with me could [illegible] me so truly about my own characteristics.—Yours sincerely, [illegible]

Tunbridge Wells, Feb. 27, [illegible]

Dear Mr. Wallis,—Thank you for the Character Study [illegible] ceived last week. It shows much that I was only [illegible] scious of before in myself, and I think you have given [illegible] wonderfully true study in many ways.—Yours very truly, [illegible]

Manchester, March 4, [illegible]

Dear Sir,—The free Character Analysis which you sent [illegible] recently was wonderfully accurate. As a specimen of insight [illegible] my disposition it was a satisfactory sample.

I quite realise the advantage of knowing myself, and [illegible] nise the importance of Psychology to those who would [illegible] prosperity.—I am, yours faithfully, H. M.

A GENEROUS CONCESSION.

As a special favour to our readers, Mr. Spencer-Wallis [illegible] offered to forego his usual fee of one guinea, and help [illegible] who consult him in answer to this article, free of charge. [illegible] who can afford and wish to, may enclose five penny stamps to [illegible] cover secretarial expenses. All you have to do is to send [illegible] Photograph or specimen of handwriting. Both if you [illegible] Just keep to your ordinary style of writing, in order to ensure [illegible] a true delineation. Address your application (fully signed, [illegible] addressed return envelope enclosed, and five penny stamps [illegible] Mr. Spencer-Wallis, 33, Douglas Rooms, 31-32, Mai[illegible] London, W.C.

HIS LATEST WORK.

Apart from the free advice, Mr. Spencer-Wallis will [illegible] a complimentary copy of his latest work, "The Scient[illegible] nation of Failure," to all those who write to him, within [illegible] days. It must be strictly understood, however, that [illegible] write later are not entitled to this additional present.

Our Fountain Pens.

The Modern Man half-guinea Fountain Pen will be [illegible] to any reader in the United Kingdom for 1s. and [illegible] Coupons.

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A pocket clip to fix the pen securely in the vest pocket is presented absolutely free.

On page 850 you will find a Pen Coupon. Cut this out and collect 11 further Pen Coupons, either by purchasing additional copies of the paper or by getting the Coupons from friends who are already readers.

If you buy extra copies from which to cut the Coupons it is understood that you will give the copies to those you think likely to become regular readers.

When you have collected your 12 Pen Coupons send them along with a Postal Order for 1s. to "Fountain Pen," The Modern Man Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, and your pen will immediately be sent to you.

POINTS FOR THE CAUTIOUS CYCLIST TO CONSIDER.

To the man who has but newly taken up cycling, his bell probably looms larger as an object of importance than many another really vital part of his machine's mechanism. As he wobbles along, his extreme solicitude for the welfare of quite imaginary pedestrians keeps him playing a continual tune on it, until he probably hears it ringing in his dreams at night.

This being thus, the claims of the different varieties of bells, hooters, &c., with regard to their varying degrees of sound, with an incursion into the subject of cost and construction, will be of interest to cycling readers.

Bells range in price from about sixpence to four shillings, but the latter may be described as an almost luxurious price to pay. One-and-ninepence or two shillings is, as a rule, quite enough.

SIMPLEST AND BEST.

On the whole, the bell that is fixed on the handle-bar convenient to the right or left hand, according to the following two conditions, is the best: If the lever of your back-brake is on the right-hand side, have your bell on the left handle-bar and *vice versâ*. The reason of this is that to have the bell and the back brake-lever on different sides leaves you a hand free to apply the brake, if the ringing of the bell has no effect on the pedestrian, vehicle, or rider in front of you.

A word about cycling through traffic. In this case it is convenient to have a bell which will make a continuous noise, instead of a series of short, staccato rings, resulting from an equal number of movements from your finger.

Thus, for traffic cycling, a good bell to have is one which goes on ringing so long as finger-pressure is applied to a little button at the side—in the same way as an electric door-bell.

QUITE CHEAP.

Such bells go by clock-work, and have to be wound up occasionally, generally by turning the dome round. They should cost no more than the ordinary kinds. I know of an excellent one which costs one and ninepence, and by reason of its having two strikers in the dome makes a very penetrating noise.

Every cycle-accessory maker nowadays strives to keep ahead of his rivals by introducing as much up-to-dateness into his wares as possible. One very useful departure in the matter of bells is the kind that has a spring inside the dome to give the latter a certain resiliency.

The very good reason of this is that, suppose your bicycle falls, a not uncommon occurrence when it is left standing against the kerb, and the machine strikes on the bell, the latter will often snap right off, or, at any rate, be badly damaged; but the resilient-spring arrangement prevents this, the spring being strong enough to stand the shock.

RUNG BY THE TYRE.

Another type of bell, which is, however, more ingenious than really serviceable, is the one which rings as a result of the action of the front tyre. The rider presses a rod down, and this lowers the bell just near enough to the wheel for a small projection on the bell to touch the tyre. The revolution of the latter causes the bell to ring. The obvious drawback of this is that the bell gets smothered in mud.

It is safe to say that the day of the hooter is gone by. It is doubtful whether it ever enjoyed much popularity, for more reasons than one. In the first place, a hooter does not act as quickly as a bell; in fact, some hooters will not sound at all unless they are pressed in a particular way. Again, the hooter makes a needlessly alarming noise, and is looked upon by the majority of cyclists as a rather hooliganesque medium for attracting attention.

It has gone into comparative oblivion, along with another freakish device—namely, one, two, or more strips of elastic fixed across the forks of the frame, which, as a result of the air created by the movement of the bicycle, gave out a continuous whirring sound.

T. F. PHILLIPS.

LIGHT v. HEAVY SWIMMERS.

There is very often a certain amount of discussion as to whether lightly-built or heavy men make the best swimmers, and here it is as true as in anything else, that circumstances alter cases.

You will generally find the light man display considerable ease in the water, because, other things being equal, he will float more buoyantly than his heavier brother. He is the sort of man who could paddle about in a swimming-bath for any length of time without displaying fatigue.

On the other hand, however, the heavily-built man usually possesses the greater power; and this, of course, is what is required for speed, especially if swimming in the sea or a tidal river. Take the best known long-distance swimmers, Burgess, Wolfe, Billington, and others. In almost every case you will find they are big-built men.

Thus it would appear that for short-distance swimming in a bath, or for mere ability to keep afloat in placid water for a long while, the light man is the better adapted by nature; but that for long-distance swimming against currents as, for instance, in such a race as that from Richmond to Blackfriars, the heavy, powerful swimmer comes out on top.

If you are built on the light side, content yourself with smart sprint work, and leave endurance swims for men of a heavier type.

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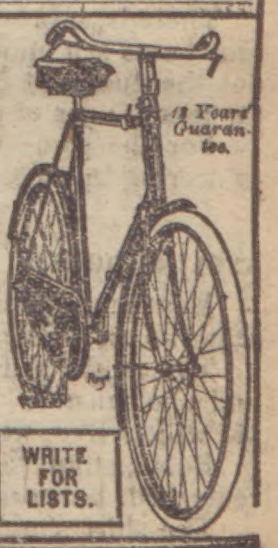

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The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

SHOES v. BOOTS.

A correspondent asks my opinion on the relative merits of shoes and boots for wear with breeches and stockings.

So far as appearance is concerned, I plump unhesitatingly for shoes. Boots are apt to make the stockinged leg look podgy. Then a careless man is apt to leave the tag of the boot sticking up behind, and thus convert himself into a blot on the sartorial landscape.

In regard to comfort I think, again, the shoes have it. Certainly in hot weather stockings inside boots are uncomfortably hot and stuffy.

There is, however, the question of utility. For a walking tour boots are unquestionably better than shoes. They keep out the dust and rain much better than shoes, and there is far less danger of a side-slip on a loose stone.

For the same reason no sensible man would go mountaineering in shoes, and boots again are better for fishing.

ANGLING DRESS.

Mention of fishing induces me to supplement some recent remarks on waders for fresh-water anglers.

The angler's dress should be loose, warm, comfortable, and *unobtrusive*. The best colour is that of the trunk of an old willow tree, with a hat preferably of soft grey felt.

Boots, stout, lace-up, and well-greased, should, as already remarked, be worn in preference to shoes.

The shirt should be flannel, for the angler starting early and finishing late is often exposed to extremes of temperature.

A mackintosh is a necessity at all times, for even if there be no rain about the fisherman may often have to sit or kneel on grass damp from overnight rain or evening or morning dew.

Waders, I have already dealt with, but I may add that in place of the ordinary waders you can get stockings with light tweed continuations which make them look like trousers, or for shallow wading knee-high rubber boots may be worn.

POINTS FOR SEA-ANGLERS.

So far as the colour of his clothes is concerned, the sea-fisherman can wear what he likes, but there are certain differences between his attire and that of the fresh-water man.

The latter may dress quite smartly, but it is foolish for the sea-angler to wear clothes he values, for he will certainly get them spoilt, more especially if he goes out in a boat. The fly-fisher may go the whole day without getting a drop of water on his clothes, but the sea-angler is bound to get a good deal of the ocean over him—again I am talking of boat-fishing—even if the sea is calm.

Unless he is a dangerous lunatic who ought not to be allowed out in a boat, he fishes sitting, and when he lands a fish a good deal of water is bound to drip on to him, more especially on to his legs.

The first time I went sea-fishing in a boat I was sopping wet from the waist downwards, though there was scarcely a ripple on the water. As it was sea-water it did me no harm, but it was deuced uncomfortable.

Waterproof aprons are sold to protect the sea-angler's lower part, but I don't believe very much in them. The thwart on which you sit invariably gets wet sooner or later, and though you may be dry as a bone in front, you are apt to be a "demned, moist, unpleasant" person behind.

The best plan is to invest in a suit of "oilers," such as are worn by professional fishermen.

To these should be added a pair of rubber boots worn over the trousers. The bottom of the boat usually gets wet and slippery, and ordinary boots are treacherous on it.

THEATRE MATINEE DRESS.

A. J. C. (Gloucester) asks whether it is necessary to wear frock-coat or morning dress when attending a matinée at a London West-End theatre?

Not in the least, though it is as well to dress neatly and quietly—a dark, or darkish, lounge suit would be quite in order.

Personally, however, I think that the most suitable attire

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for a man attending a matinée at a fashionable theatre would be a dressing-gown and a blanket. As a rule he has to choose between going to sleep and staring at the hair of the lady in front of him, for if the matinée hat is practically extinct, the matinée coiffure has taken its place, and is about the same size, and you are apt to catch a chill sleeping unprotected.

MORE ABOUT FACINGS.

Several correspondents have kindly written pointing out that I was wrong in crediting the Lincoln Regiment with yellow facings. I expressly said I spoke from memory only, but I gladly accept the correction, and apologise to my readers and to the Lincolns, whose facings are white, if their livers are not.

Among corps, however, that *have* yellow facings, apart from those previously mentioned, are the Norfolk, Suffolk, and Hampshire Regiments, while the facings of the Middlesex Regiment are lemon-yellow.

Particularly pretty are the gosling green facings of the Northumberland Fusiliers, "the Fighting Fifth," who were originally known as "The Shiners," from their smart and clean appearance.

SPATS FOR WOMEN.

THE MODERN MAN has its feminine readers, and, apart from this, I don't know that an occasional note on the fashions of the other sex is altogether out of place. I notice that many ladies are wearing spats, and personally I regret it.

A man's trouser-leg partially hides the spat, and, therefore, corrects its tendency to exaggerate the size of the foot but the bespatted woman, at least, in short skirts, does challenge criticism of her tootsies. And I am bound to say that the majority of ladies I have seen wearing spats were the last who should have ventured upon them.

The only woman who can successfully sport spats is she of the *petite*, bird-like type with a tiny, high-instepped foot, and immaculate ankle. The modern Amazon in spats drives me to the flowing bowl.

SAUNDERS FEELS SHATTERED.

These notes are being written at a popular seaside resort, where I am spending an unearned holiday. Since penning the foregoing paragraph I have been out to "Church Parade" on the front, and wish I hadn't. I am feeling very much shattered.

Some time ago I told you that violent socks were dead, and so they are with the well-dressed man; but, alas! they survive among the uncultivated. The front fairly hummed with them. And a new and terrible combination has been introduced. They are worn with spats.

Then, you may say, how can the socks be seen? Easy enough. You sit down in a deck chair and pull your trousers up knee-high, and then your spats and your socks do not blush unseen.

Bad enough, but it was a "blood" wearing and displaying in the manner described chamois-leather yellow spats and bright blue socks of a peculiarly virulent and staring blue that awakened very painful memories and caused me to sob bitterly.

A TRAGIC TALE.

When I was a young and careless subaltern, I fancied myself in love with a fair young thing whom a devilishly cruel fate had reduced to serving in a cigar shop.

Eventually after I had purchased about £10 worth of Flor di Cabbagio, she consented to meet me on her weekly half-holiday afternoon. The rendezvous was at the end of a long, straight street. Detained by an unfeeling adjutant, I was late, and as I entered at the other end of the street, I saw afar off what I took to be an advertisement for Reckitt's Blue.

A nearer approach, however, showed me that it was my inamorata wearing her Sunday best—a costume of brilliant, blinding, blistering blue.

Could I, an officer and a gentleman, be seen walking with "it"? No, I decided, a thousand times no. I nipped into a Post Office, wrote a note explaining that I had been suddenly taken ill, which was no lie, procured a small boy, gave him sixpence to take the note to the lady, and returned to barracks a misogynist.

And the blue that blighted my young life was the blue of the socks of the gentleman in the promenade deck-chair.

PURE WOOL SUITS TO MEASURE From 23/6

Even our lowest price Suit has been valued by customers the world over at £3-3s.

It is well-known that London is the centre of Fashion for men's clothes, so why not come to us for your Tailoring needs? If you live at a distance you need not actually make the journey—we will send the clothes to you, as we are now doing to men all over the world. We always give satisfaction, because "CURZON" Suits are made by experts; because the fit is guaranteed; and because these suits are of a style and cut that stamp their wearers as "well-dressed."

ONE SILVER AND FOUR GOLD MEDAL AWARDS.

Send Postcard for FREE PATTERNS consisting of Tweeds, Serges, Flannels, Worsteds, &c. Together with patterns, we send you fashion plates and complete instructions for accurate self-measurement, tape measure, all sent free and carriage paid.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Returned in Full.

CURZON BROS., *The World's Measure Tailors*

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West-End Depot: 133 and 135, Oxford Street, W. (First Floor Showrooms, above the "London Louvre.")

3/6 buys a NEW LIFE for that OLD SUIT or OVERCOAT.

Pack up that wrinkled suit or overcoat, and send it to us with a Postal Order for 3/6. In a few days it will be returned to you CLEANED, REPAIRED and TAILOR-PRESSED—looking almost new. Our new Tailor-Process brings the clothes back to their original shape, it removes the signs of wear and cleans the material. It is superior to dry-cleaning process. Carriage paid one way. Repairs and Alterations of every description.—THE NATIONAL TAILORING AND REPAIRING CO., 144-146, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.

ONE & ALL

Estab. 1867

£5 5s. 0d.

will be given as a Prize for the best Water-Colour Painting of a group of the new One & All Poppy, "Hon. H. A. Stanhope."

£1 1s. 0d.

For the best Photograph.

Paintings and photographs should be sent to the One & All Seed Warehouses, 92, Long Acre, London, W.C., on or before September 30th, 1912.

For full details of Competition see "The Agricultural Economist and Horticultural Review."

THE **NOVELTY FOR 1912.**

New "One & All" Annual Poppy, "Hon. H. A. Stanhope."

A single blooming Peony-flowered variety, splendid rosy carmine colour. Each petal adorned with a fine violet spot. Very effective for beds.

ONE SHILLING PER PACKET.

Of all ONE & ALL SEED AGENTS,

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92, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

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Every Reader of "Modern Man" may at once secure a pair of Sandow's Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells Free for Seven Days' Trial.

No money to pay. Simply send the Coupon.

For a whole week, without any cost to yourself, without the need of parting with a penny, you may enjoy the strength and health-giving value of Mr. Sandow's Wonderful Invention, the Sandow Spring-Grip Dumb-Bell, which helps you to gain not only greater strength, but more-finely-developed physical proportions. Their use entails no violent exertion, they may be adapted for use by women and children as well as the sturdiest man.

It is only necessary to fill in and forward the coupon below as directed to at once receive a pair of the famous Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells for **seven days' free home trial.** There is nothing to pay. Simply send the coupon, and the Dumb-Bells are at once posted, carriage paid, to your door.

With each pair of Dumb-Bells is sent Two Charts of Exercises, one showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, the other showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, woman or girl, together with hints on how, when, and where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information, by following which every reader can not only prove his or her strength and general physique, but likewise safeguard and improve the health.

These charts have been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of Dumb-Bells, and are obtainable alone with this health and strength-giving invention.

You need not keep the Dumb-Bells after seven days unless you wish, but if, after using these Dumb-Bells **for Seven Days Free,** you decide to keep them, send us a deposit of 2/6, and promise to pay the remainder of the price at the rate of 2/6 per month, which only means the small sum of ONE PENNY PER DAY.

The few minutes' exercise daily with the splendid apparatus will give you health, strength, and stamina. They will give to woman fuller grace of figure, encouraging beauty of form; to men greater dignity and distinction, and to both a splendid feeling of well-being and virility. Exercise with the Dumb-Bells, which should be a regular process by every member of the family for at least five minutes per day, quickly develops the muscles of the arms, deepens and strengthens the chest; whilst exercises are also included for developing the leg muscles and improving the general physique so that you may keep strong, healthy, and happy.

There is nothing to pay to secure the Dumb-Bells at once, and their use daily will prove a real delight. Send the coupon and you will receive a pair of the Dumb-Bells by return of post. It is only necessary to send *now.*

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Date.....191 .

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Youths' Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells at ... **10s. 6d.**
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This order is given on condition that, after Seven Days' *Free Trial,* should I decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, I may return them immediately direct to Sandow Hall, and no charge whatsoever will be made.

FREE TRIAL.

Signed..... *Age*.....

Address.....

.....

Please cross out sizes not required.

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